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The Portrait of a Century, by David Cecil, on page 870

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Minds Not Fit for Books

THE Senate left the tariff trough long enough last week to hear the first really important debate since the session began. Important, because it was concerned with the things we live by rather than the commodities we live on. Brigham Young, leaning from the Mormon heaven, with his seventeen wives beside him, and a memory of the United States defied, must have shaken his great chest with Homeric laughter when Senator Smoot demanded that the virginal innocence of the United States be protected from every book suspected of an idea that conventional moralists could doubt or politicians complain of. If in his heaven the great Mormon could read the works of his peers, he might savor the irony of the Utah Elder's attack upon the full-blooded Rabelais, and upon D. H. Lawrence, whose thesis through his lifetime was that men in their passions should become again like those virile pioneers.

Nor would we put it past Brigham to realize the political significance of Senator Smoot's demands. Had intolerance been legalized in the 1840s, had religious books and religious and political ideas in variance from the opinions of the majority been punishable, the riots at Nauvoo might have been a prelude to another persecution of the Anabaptists. The Mormons were saved by principles which Smoot now wishes to undermine. It is the descendants of the sects that most desired to worship God in a different and particular way—the dissidents and dissenters from the majority—who now insist that their fellowmen shall teach, and drink, and read by rule or be punished by the state.

Some books are pernicious and so are some religious sects. But give an official power to decide arbitrarily which to forbid and you have made literature and religion subject to the state. Many books excellent for adults are not good for children. But protect the children by forbidding what they are supposed not to understand and you have returned to the principle of the Roman Catholic Church which refused (with much better reason) the whole of the Bible to its communicants as too difficult and dangerous for their tender belief. And against this proscription was the Reformation made.

It is possible of course that the American public is really not grown up. Are we suffering from belated infantilism, as were certainly some of Senator Bronson Cutting's opponents in the censorship contest? Are we too unstable psychologically to be given a glass of beer, too unstable morally to be allowed to read the Bible unexpurgated, or Rabelais, or Chaucer, or the scenes of Shakespeare which Senator Smoot seems to have read with such innocent incomprehension? Are we too unbalanced intellectually to be trusted with the ideas of the Russian proletariat or Italian fascism? Is it possible that our great system of popular education which quarter educates everybody and half educates the rest has made a nation capable of reading only tabloids and cheap and dirty magazines where the smut is hid from innocent eyes by a careful vocabulary?

Senator Smoot underestimates his country. His intelligence test is too low. The United States is just as much and as little adult as any other civilized nation. We seem more infantile because semi-literates, who in other lands would have neither the means nor the words for talking, represent us in legislatures, on platforms, in pulpits, and the press. If there is to be any censorship, it should be of minds not fit for books.

To a Chary Lover

By ROBERTA TEALE SWARTZ

HERE am I spreading like a tree
Full of dark shades and notches.
Now let your needs come fly to me
And choose their secret crotches;
Here find invisibility
Whatever hunter watches.

Here let them perch with careful claws
And have a decent hollow
To spend their safe and wary pause;
To trick whoever follow.

Why should you save me so intact?
Come peck my pith and seek
For little worms that you have lacked,
And sharpen here your beak!

For I am spreading like a tree,
And must no dearth invade?
I shall be standing wearily
When winter in this glade
Takes down my broad leaves to the ground.
With branch and trunk exposed
I'll only prove I am as sound
As might have been supposed.

Alas! no coverts worn will show,
No deep surprising holes—
No empty nests to fill with snow—
No burrows under boles—

In autumn I regret the grace
And the insipid feature
Of trees that never held a place
For any kind of creature.

This Week

"The Evolution of War."
Reviewed by NORMAN ANGELL.

"The Scourge of the Indies."
Reviewed by WILLIAM O. SCROGGS.

"Memoirs of General Wrangel."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"Meddlers."
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"The Proving of Psyche."
Reviewed by JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

"The Asking Price."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

Testament.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Clash of Angels."
Reviewed by ROBERT NATHAN.

"Gibbon's Journal."
Reviewed by W. S. LEWIS.

Next Week, or Later

A Modern Synthesis.
By LEWIS MUMFORD.

War and Society

By NORMAN ANGELL
Author of "The Great Illusion"

MR. MAURICE R. DAVIE of Yale University has recently published a book entitled "The Evolution of War"* which we think might have been called more fittingly "The Ethnology of War." It is a study, not as its main title might imply, of the development of the art of war throughout the ages, but as its subtitle indicates, "a study of the rôle of war in early societies."

The erudition displayed is enormous. There are nearly 150 pages of notes, references, bibliography, appendices. The subjects dealt with include the part played in the warfare of primitive and savage peoples by cannibalism, human sacrifice, head-hunting, blood-revenge, women, booty, religion, sex. The facts are many and the conclusions few, and those few sometimes contradictory. The relation of it all to the problem of war as we face it in the modern world, is not always apparent and, where apparent, remote. To learn that the Ba-Huana of Africa have a sincere liking for human flesh; that the Fang will waylay members of other tribes to kill and eat them; that the Mombottu eat little meat except the bodies of their captives; that the natives of Ugi have similar tastes; that the Ba-Zimba rival the Maoris in the scale of their cannibalism; that the Bageshu not only eat their prisoners but their own dead; and so on for page after page with a score of references to each page, similar painstaking research being applied to human sacrifice, blood revenge, head hunting—all this is good anthropology, but is not likely greatly to help the Senate when it comes to the problem of ratifying a Five Power Naval Agreement or implementing the Kellogg Pact. The author might, of course, retort that no book could possibly help the Senate, and that a study of this kind is for students who, later on, as writers, journalists, and statesmen, may be able to translate his erudition into the guidance of public opinion or of policy.

One hopes so. But it is unhappily a modified hope, for one recalls that the most erudite people that the world has known, the pre-war Prussianized Germans, were also in many respects politically the most foolish, and in this matter of war almost certainly so. Learning did not in their case make wisdom, because, as Clemenceau said of Poincaré, they knew everything but understood nothing.

This is written with no intention of disparaging books of this kind which try to get at the facts; but by way of warning that the first problem to solve is to have some notion of what are *relevant* facts. Plainly not all facts are equally relevant. In political problems the difficulty is usually not so much to get the facts as to use properly the facts already secured. Looking back upon the disasters of the last twenty years, in which Western civilization, in Europe at least, managed nearly to wring its neck, we see that the trouble was not lack of knowledge, in the sense in which we lack the knowledge to cure cancer, but the failure to use knowledge which was self-evident and of universal possession. A British Cabinet Minister before the war said: "I submit as a self-evident proposition that there is only one way to prevent war; and that is to be so much stronger than your prospective rival that he will not dare to attack you." Which means that the way for two nations to keep the peace, is for each

* THE EVOLUTION OF WAR. By MAURICE R. DAVIE. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1930. $4.

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to be stronger than the other. On that principle, all proceeded, with the results we know. It was not lack of knowledge which thus induced both sides heroically to defy arithmetic; it was refusal to face the self-evident. And it is that refusal which may well wreck the Naval Conference now proceeding, as these lines are being written.

From the vast storehouse of learning represented by this book emerges the fact that man has been and doubtless still is, under the skin, a bloodthirsty, quarrelsome, cowardly (particularly in his fear of ghosts), thieving, lustful, unreasoning, filthy beast. We know it. What are we going to do about it? Most readers of this book before the war would have said: "The conclusion to be drawn is that in order to be safe these blindly unreasoning and quarrelsome animals should all have as many implements of destruction as possible." Every militarist desiring to have his fling at the peacemaker pointed to the inherent pugnacity of mankind. The peacemaker answered, and answers, of course, that it is precisely the pugnacity of mankind which makes him a peacemaker, a protagonist of Arbitration, or the League of Nations, or what not. It is, indeed, his only reason for advocating any such institutions. If the instincts and tendencies of man were naturally —biologically—peaceful and social, why, of course, we should need neither a League nor a World Court —but neither should we need national constitutions, courts, police, churches, ten commandments. All these are institutional means of dealing with the shortcomings of human nature, built up by reason of those shortcomings. The fact so commonly invoked as devastating to the peacemaker's case, is the only one which gives that case any justification. Whole generations of educated people go through life getting this "human pugnacity" argument turned exactly upside down. It is indeed illustrative of the curious working of the human mind that it seems much easier to make education a means for accumulating many and diverse facts than an aid to comprehending the real meaning of a few simple ones.

* * *

There are many important points upon which the facts brought together in this book may throw useful light. One point is the extent to which instincts or tendencies which we commonly regard as congenital and innate, like group hostilities, can be modified or eliminated by environment, economic need, or by the auto-suggestion of fortunate traditions and taboos. Professor Davie has a chapter entitled: "Where war exists and where it does not," and one could wish that this chapter had been very greatly expanded. It shows that the Eskimo, for instance, can be as warlike in one set of circumstances as he is peaceful in another.

> The Greenlanders cannot afford to waste time in wrangling among themselves; the struggle to wring from nature the necessities of life, that great problem of humanity, is there harder than anywhere else; and therefore this little people has agreed to carry it on without needless dissensions . . . Coöperation in the struggle for existence is absolutely imperative in their case . . . The Greenlander's first social law is to help his neighbor. Upon it, and upon their habit of clinging together through good and ill, depends the existence of the little Greenland community.

Yet in Alaska, the Eskimos could be as warlike as in Greenland they are peaceful. What explains the difference?

Professor Davie's explanation that "when the means of subsistence are plentiful and numbers small, group conflict is slight and insignificant; but when many are striving for a limited supply, collision is harsh and violent" hardly seems to cover the case. When what is now England contained half-a-million people and was split into half-a-dozen little states, those states fought with each other continuously for "the means of subsistence." When the population had become about the densest in the world, those groups stopped fighting. What made the fighting was not pressure of population, the economic condition; it was a political conception, certain ideas of what made the social unit, or tribe, or community; the habit of thinking of Wessex or Sussex instead of England, or Britain as the group.

If the British colonies in America had become separate, independent nations (as the Spanish colonies for the most part did), Massachusetts would have fought New York or the latter Pennsylvania from time to time by reason of what doubtless their writers would have described as inevitable economic competition. But what would have created the competition would not have been economic facts (which are present as things are) but political facts, a conception differing from the present conception of what makes the unit; of what makes *our* tribe, "us," and what makes "foreigners." War is a conflict between rival communities. Even if we regard the cause as the economic conflict of those communities, any explanation of war which fails to consider the question, "What makes us think of this or that particular group as the unit?" has simply ignored the major and the most fundamental part of the problem. And it is this omission which usually makes rubbish of so many of the economic interpretations of war, including the generalization that it is—or was—the inevitable outcome of the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence.

* * *

A hundred thousand Indians lived precariously and in eternal tribal war for the means of subsistence on a territory where to-day live a hundred million modern Americans without warfare. The economic problem here has been solved, not by fighting, but by ceasing to fight. If to-day fighting between modern Americans were as common and insistent as it was among the Indian tribes, it would be quite impossible to support a hundred million people on this territory at all. If Britain had remained a Heptarchy, with fighting between the states owing to economic rivalry, it would be quite impossible for forty millions to live in Britain. Not "economic need," but a false reading of the best means of supplying economic need, drives men to war. This necessary distinction between the facts, and men's reading of the facts, is one which so many writers on this and cognate subjects fail to make. There is no "iron biological law dooming men to strife," as one writer has called it. Peaceful coöperation between tribes would have solved the problem of sustenance far more successfully than fighting. The cause of the fighting was not, therefore, any iron law except the iron law of men's unintelligence. And if this is true of the tribal conflicts, it is still more true of the modern world. For in some of the earlier conflicts there was at least this much of justice in the economic assumption: the victor did at least wipe out the vanquished, not infrequently eating him. The pressure of population upon sustenance became to that degree less severe. But modern conquest has not even that degree of economic justification. When Britain or France conquers territory in Asia or in Africa, she does not wipe out the native populations. They are usually given, by suppression of disease, famine, warfare, an added chance of life. There are more, not fewer, mouths to feed.

This result is only in very small degree due to the growth of sentiment of humanity. It is due to the fact that our modern economic structure impels us to seek, above all, markets. But if a given territory is to afford a market, its population must be alive, must consume, must itself be economically active, or it cannot buy. Two results follow: The conqueror's advantage becomes dependent upon the prosperity of the vanquished; that prosperity makes the vanquished strong, able to resist any inequitable relationship. The paradox of modern imperialism is that we are compelled to give the vanquished certain powers if he is to do what we want; if we give him those powers, sooner or later he will resist the claims which we make upon him. Five years after the British conquest of the Boer Republics containing the Rand gold mines those Republics had become part of a virtually independent Federation in which the Act of the British Parliament does not run, and the gold mines passed completely from British political control. The process in India may take longer, but is in the end inevitable.

* * *

Where, of course, a sparsely populated territory is closed to a more densely populated one, as Australia is closed to Japan, conquest by the latter would relieve her pressure of population. But in that event considerations of effort and result have to be taken into account. It took the most powerful empire in the world, having complete command of the sea, three years and half-a-million men to overcome two tiny farmer republics who could not feed themselves, could not manufacture a gun, and who could not at any time have put 50,000 men into the field. And then, five years after the conquest had been achieved, Great Britain had to concede the Boers virtual independence so that today the natural resources of South Africa have passed completely beyond the political control of Great Britain into the hands of a practically independent government that refuses even to fly the British flag and can—and does in certain cases—deny British subjects the right to land on South African soil. Do a sum in the rule of three on this basis. How long, how many men, would be required by, say, Japan, to overcome a people like, say, the Australians, twenty times as numerous as the Boers, self-sufficient, industralized, perfectly able to manufacture armaments? And, if we could imagine the conquest being made, how long would it take Australia to reassert as against Japan the independence which Britain, with enormously more than Japan's power, has not been able to resist?

The question is not whether the economic motive for war exists, but whether the reasoning which prompts it is valid; and, if not, whether man will ever have the intelligence to grasp the fallacy involved. Events ought to be teaching him. It was assumed as a matter of course before the war that if the economic rivalry between Britain and Germany led to war, the victor would have an enormous economic advantage. Has Britain, the victor, today such enormous economic advantages over Germany, the vanquished? The period of victory in Britain synchronizes with the period of gravest economic depression that Britain has known since the beginigs of the industrial revolution; and the competition of Germany, after the war, in the period of defeat, is probably more severe than it was before she had been vanquished, owing to the incidental reason that defeat has enabled Germany to disembarrass herself of debts which still encumber Britain.

All this is not to imply that Professor Davie's book is without interest. Far from it. But we shall grasp more fully its interest if, in reading it, we keep in mind the nature of the present-day problem of war and of the way in which that problem differs from the problem as presented to primitive societies. With that in view there are many facts which students at least would find extremely useful in tackling the greatest single problem confronting organized society to-day.

Brothers of the Coast

THE SCOURGE OF THE INDIES: BUCCANEERS, CORSAIRS, AND FILIBUSTERS. Compiled from original texts and contemporary engravings by MAURICE BESSON. English translation by EVERARD THORNTON. New York: Random House. 1930. $10.

Reviewed by WILLIAM O. SCROGGS
Author of "Filibusters and Financiers"

IT is open to question whether we in America are aware of the debt which we may owe to the West Indian freebooters of the seventeenth century. They were a polyglot herd—English, French, and Flemings—but they had one trait in common, and that was hatred of the Spaniard. Expert blood-letters in a blood-letting age, they neither gave nor asked for quarter, and their savage forays upon Spanish shipping and upon the rich Spanish settlements along the Caribbean lowered the Spaniard's morale in the New World and kept him so busily occupied with defensive measures that he had little time to devote to the swarming English on the mainland. These wild Brothers of the Coast unwittingly served as a buffer between the Spanish dominions and the English settlements to the North, which were made on lands claimed by the Spanish Crown and confirmed to it by the Holy See. Had the buccaneers been less rapacious, less easy of conscience, the history of North America might have been different. Who knows?

M. Besson has collected the tales of ten of the more famous of these desperadoes, relying chiefly upon the chronicle of the Flemish surgeon Oexmelin (known to the English as Esquemeling), and he has enriched the volume with scores of reproductions of contemporary wood engravings and of ancient maps in their original colors. The illustrations alone make the book a storehouse of treasures. The tales of the individual freebooters are preceded by a brief account of the origin, manners, and modes of warfare of these ungentlemanly adventurers, so that the reader may have a background for the stories that follow. The American edition of the work is limited to 1,000 copies.

Alois Jirásek, who died recently, was a Czech author celebrated in his own country but little known abroad. Although his appearances in the political arena were few, he played a significant part in the politics of Czechoslovakia, his historical romances and plays doing much to awaken national consciousness among all classes.

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Tragic History

MEMOIRS OF GENERAL WRANGEL. Translated from the French edition (slightly abridged from the Russian) by SOPHIE GOULSTON. New York: Duffield & Company. 1930. $6.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE late General Baron Wrangel, commander-in-chief of the last of the Russian "White" armies—while Denikin commanded the army of the South, it was commonly known as the "Volunteer" Army, and when Wrangel took over the command, it was called the "Russian National Army"—was born in St. Petersburg of a noble Russian family of Swedish origin. As not infrequently happened in such cases, the strain of foreign blood seemed to add to his devoted Russian patriotism a certain clearheadedness and steadfastness not always found in those of pure Slav stock.

He was tall and slim—the perfect figure of the dashing cavalry officer. In his long, narrow-waisted Cossack coat, with the "V" of cartridges pointing upward across his chest, his long, stern, slightly equine face, surmounted by the rakish *papaha* of white or black astrakhan, he looked even taller than he was. And in at least one of the photographs which illustrate his memoirs, with one hand resting on the slender waist, the other gripping the dagger in his belt, chest out and imperious head held high, there is, to American eyes, rather more than a touch of Hollywood.

This slightly theatrical exterior, combined with what, at the time, seemed the rather arrogant manner in which General Wrangel assumed that he was the leader and defender of all that was truly "Russian" (not only foreigners but many eminent Russian emigrés were in doubt as to just what the White general's aims and intentions were) plus the seeming hopelessness of his venture and the war-weariness of the time, all helped to build up a picture which doubtless still persists in many minds and will bring many readers to these memoirs with a certain preconceived prejudice.

* * *

The further one reads in General Wrangel's own story, the less, I think, will this prejudice persist. One may disagree with him as much as you please, recoil with whatever horror from that hideous, dog-eat-dog civil war, in which both sides mercilessly slaughtered prisoners and those suspected of the least disaffection. The whole period was a long-drawn-out nightmare, in which pretty much everything broke down but the primitive will to survive. But the further General Wrangel goes with the story of his lost cause, the further does the self-seeking adventurer recede and the more clearly does Wrangel himself emerge, not only as a brave man, fighting against tremendous odds, but as something of a statesman as well able to face and accept new facts, and in some sort to organize life behind the lines as well as simply to fight.

Whether anything, in 1920, could have changed the course of present Russian history, is open to grave doubt. Whether a miniature Russian state, which aimed to keep enough of the "conquests of the Revolution" to satisfy the peasants while maintaining at least approximately the institution of private property and a considerable portion of the ideology of the old Russia, could ever have survived for long on the strip of Black Sea coast which General Wrangel's forces held, even had the Western powers given the help which Wrangel thought he deserved, is highly improbable, to say the least. But it is only fair to Wrangel's memory to grant that he did what he could—not only fighting until driven into the sea by overwhelming numbers, but trying to build up, on new and more liberal lines, a little state which might serve as a national *pied à terre*, which, as Russians gradually gathered round it, might be pushed further and further north.

He makes no effort to write a history of the time. But for a few prefatory words on the revolution and the collapse of the old Russian army, he starts with the last days of the Denikin adventure and his own taking over of the command of the "Volunteer" army, and follows the story of his efforts both in fighting and diplomacy up until the army embarked for Constantinople. It is essentially a soldier's story, blunt and to the point, and all the better for its occasional arrogance and unstudied frankness.

He makes no bones, for instance, about just what that civil war was like. His division all killed off but for a score or two and no replacements in sight, he decided "to make my first attempt with our prisoners."

> I ordered three hundred and seventy of the Bolshevists to line up. They were all officers and non-commissioned officers, and I had them shot on the spot. Then I told the rest that they, too, deserved death, but that I had let those who misled them take the responsibility for their treason, because I wanted to give them a chance to atone for their crime and prove their loyalty to their country. Weapons were distributed to them immediately, and two weeks later they went into the fighting-line and behaved with great courage.

On another occasion he met a dozen youngsters, the oldest not more than fourteen or fifteen, lugging rifles bigger than themselves. They were "hunting Reds" they told him, who were hiding in the reeds down by the river. " 'I've killed seven of them today,' said a twelve-year-old, in a big fur cap. . . ."

When the Germans entered the Ukraine, Wrangel was "deeply grieved to see the enemy master of Russia, but nevertheless happy at being free from the humiliating yoke of those blockheaded idiots"—i. e. the Bolsheviks.

From "The Scourge of the Indies," compiled by Maurice Benson. (Random House.)

He handles various of his associates and fellow-countrymen, similarly without gloves. Skoropadsky (now living in Berlin) wanted Wrangel to be his chief of staff, but after talking the matter over with him he "was convinced that Skoropadsky was not sincere," and would have none of him.

Denikin's order to advance on Moscow "was nothing more nor less than a death-sentence for the Armies of Southern Russia. All the principles of strategy were ignored; there was no choice of a principal direction, no concentration of the bulk of the troops in this direction, and no maneuvering. It merely prescribed a different route to Moscow for each of the Armies."

Denikin had been "one of the best generals of the old Russian Army . . . but he did not know how to grip troops, and his personal appearance was no help to him. He had not a commanding presence, in fact there was nothing of the great chief about him. He came from a lower middle-class family, had spent his childhood in the country, and most of his times since in little garrison towns; he owed his success in his career to stubborn hard work. He had developed what he believed to be infallible powers of judgment and would credit no one's opinion but his own, yet was often less clear-sighted than men who were otherwise his inferiors. He was the son of a minor officer of the line, and he had made up his mind to back the humbler classes against "the aristocrats," "the courtiers" and "officers of the guard!" He was morbidly sensitive, and took meticulous care to safeguard his dignity against slights which were sometimes purely imaginary. Destiny had laid on his shoulders the burden of a gigantic task in a sphere quite foreign to him, and had plunged him into a whirlpool of passions and political intrigue. He felt lost, he said, was afraid of making mistakes, trusted nobody, and yet failed to find sufficient strength in himself to enable him to navigate the ship of state with a firm hand over the stormy waters.

Along with the desperate animal courage of the rank-and-file, there were all sorts of jealousies and feuds among the higher in command, here and there drunkenness and debauchery, and occasionally those complete collapses of backbone and self-control which seem characteristic of the Slav or half-Asiatic chieftans who, when at their best, achieved prodigies of valor for the Russian arms. There is a picture impossible to duplicate, one would say, west of the Vistula, of a visit Wrangel and his wife paid to General Slachtchov and the latter's wife, when Slachtchov, half crazy with drink and drugs, was living in a railway carriage at Sebastopol:

> Incredible disorder reigned in his compartment. The table was covered with bottles and dishes of *hors d'œuvres*; on the bunks were clothes, playing cards, and weapons, all lying about anyhow. Amidst all this confusion was Slachtchov, clad in a fantastic white dolman, gold-laced and befurred. He was surrounded by all kinds of birds; he had a crane there, and also a raven, a swallow, and a jay . . . they were hopping about on the table and the bunks, and perching on their master's head and shoulder.

Amidst macabre scenes such as this, personal and political intrigue, and the desperate and all but hopeless fighting, we get a picture of Wrangel himself, arrogant and limited perhaps, but at any rate with head up and jaw set, trying to get money and men and ships, help from the Poles, from the French, from the disaffected Cossack tribes, from where you will, and keeping up the fight someway, somehow, while at the same time building up behind the lines a state, based on new ideas of land tenure and of local "democratic" government.

He is bitter about England and what he regards as her "desertion" of the Whites, and seems to have little or no understanding of the political conditions in western Europe at that time and of the practical impossibility, in 1920, of getting Englishmen of any sort, in any considerable numbers, to embark on what was generally regarded as a hopeless, if not actually unjustifiable, military adventure. And finally, on November third, after the Poles had made their peace with the Bolsheviks at Riga, the end came, and the army and all of the civilians who could be packed aboard the available ships, were safely embarked from the Crimean ports and sailed for the Bosphorus—and the unknown.

On the cruiser, *General Kornilov*, General Wrangel watched the shore lights fade out, one by one. "Farewell, my country!" are the last words of his record, written at Sremsky-Karlovtsky, three years later. The officers and men of his army, after that chaotic period in and about Constantinople, were dispersed to Bulgaria, Yugo-Slavia, and other western countries, where they still maintain, in exile, a certain military organization. General Wrangel himself found work as an engineer in Belgium, and died there in 1928.

His memoirs make an engrossing and tragic story, squarely told and to the point. With the many documents, both from and to General Wrangel, which are reproduced, they are a real contribution to the history of the time.

The National Sport

MEDDLERS. By H. I. BROCK. New York: Ives Washburn. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. IRVING BROCK points out that while hell is paved with good intentions unrealized, the once more or less free soil of these states is pretty well cemented over with good intentions that have been triumphantly executed; and hence bears a somewhat greater resemblance to hell than the reflective patriot might wish. His account of the various reform movements by which the American people use up their surplus energy (which otherwise might overrun the world) in trying to make each other virtuous is both descriptive and genetic. In the descriptive part there is much that is entertaining but little that is new; but the analysis of how we got that way, though one may hesitate to follow it in all its details, contains a good deal that may help us all pick a few motes out of our own eyes, the while we try to wrench the obstructive beam out of the eye of Bishop James Cannon, Jr.

Bishop Cannon pops thus early into the review because he keeps popping up in the book. Brock is a Virginian, and whenever he remembers that the state of Thomas Jefferson was for a while supine under the autocracy of a Cannon, he becomes intensely and justifiably annoyed. Virginian feelings may also account for the perhaps undue prominence he gives to New England, in his account of the genesis of the national sport of meddling. But the frontier was partly to blame, too, especially for the

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prohibition movement. With perfect justice Brock observes that America was a pretty drunken nation in the days of the fathers; and that the people who made it so were hundred per cent breeds without the law, but wanted their hard liquor and plenty of it, and made such spectacles of themselves that they were unable to conceive any remedy but the abolition of temptation.

But Brock does not limit himself to such obvious meddlers as the Anti-Saloon League, the Vice Societies, the urban Cardinals, and rural Klansmen who unite in denouncing birth control, and so on. He includes the press agents who have made a saint out of John D. Rockefeller and told us that Joan Lowell is a great author and that all women must wear hair nets; also the lobbyists, the patriotic and anti-patriotic societies, and the psychoanalyists. What is Freud doing in this gallery? Well, it seems that Brock once met a woman at dinner who refused to talk about anything that people talk about at dinner because a psychoanalyst had "adjusted" her, and she was afraid of getting unadjusted. She would have been a fool under any dispensation, and psychoanalysis probably did not make her much worse. After all, the Freudians do not call on the police to help them rid us of our inhibitions.

The basic trouble with the meddlers, Brock observes, is ignorance. Most of them know nothing but their own town, or their own group, or their own sect; they are convinced that people who do not live by their standards are *ipso facto* wicked and in need of forcible reform. No satirist ever dared to put it as clearly as did the innocent Mrs. Catt, in her late appearance before the Congressional committee investigating prohibition, when she remarked with all sincerity that her personal friends were at the apex of civilized development, toward which the rest of us must painfully climb(and be booted upward, if our progress is too slow). Well, we are all apt to think that we and our kind are the best people; but how does it happen that some of us are willing to let our inferiors live out their puny lives in their own wilful way, while others insist that we must raise them to our own level even if we have to use the thumbscrew and the rack to do it. Brock does not altogether answer that, though he offers some illuminating suggestions.

Yet few of us can with a clear conscience thank God that we are not as other men are in these matters. Even Brock seems inclined to start a crusade against the *True Story Magazine* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, for poisoning the wellsprings of popular thought. This reviewer, charitably willing to let MacFadden and Lorimer live, would still like to meddle, even to the extent of mandatory life imprisonment, with the medlers who have inflicted on us the current styles in women's clothing. All we, like sheep, have gone astray, some more, some less. There is point in Brock's observation—in connection with the rival groups of lobbyists and propagandists who bedevil Washington—that only by the neutralizing interaction of rival groups of meddlers is life permitted to remain tolerable for the public at large.

Mr. Babbitt's Dualism

THE PROVING OF PSYCHE. By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by John Crowe Ransom
Vanderbilt University

MR. BABBITT has evidently done more than anybody else to awaken in America a philosophical consciousness. With Mr. More he shares the honor of having founded a school of thought called Humanism, but he is its effective expositor. For many years he was publishing his doctrines, which seemed academic and not effective against public opinion; until now suddenly, as Humanism, they have begun to produce a great harvest. Their value does not depend on whether they inspire sympathy or antipathy, for at any rate they inspire thinking.

Perhaps the chief single tribute that Mr. Babbitt has received is this book by Mr. Fausset, the English critic, well known as a historian and apologist of romantic literature. Here he pays his respects to Mr. Babbitt as a humanist, a classicist, and an enemy. It is a formidable work which is worthy of the formidable system of thought that provoked it.

The book is concerned with a certain dualism which Mr. Babbitt professes. What are the precise terms or poles of this dualism, which Mr. Fausset undertakes to set forth and then to overcome? It is unfortunate that Mr. Fausset does not define them consistently; but then Mr. Babbitt does not do that either, and it corrupts the clarity of his thinking.

Mr. Babbitt is best when he finds a primary dualism in the modes of our experience in the sense that we may shift the emphasis between reason and ecstasy; or economy and confusion; or will and sensation; or classical decision and romantic abandonment. They are forms of the same thing. They mean that the mind may deal with a situation by attending to its universal value, or by attending on the other hand to its sensible particularity, its phenomenal flux. On this issue Mr. Babbitt's recommendation has always been most specific: Never betray the universal to the particular, but favor the universal if anything at the expense of the particular. That is classicism, the preference for a certain pole of the dualism. But on the same issue the recommendation of Mr. Fausset, or any other thoughtful romanticist, is the opposite: Be sure to appreciate the sensible particularity of the situation, and let the universal shift for itself.

It is a sufficient issue to account for all the varieties of classicism, and all the varieties of romanticism.

But Mr. Babbitt, and Mr. Fausset after him, seem determined to cloud this issue by stating the dualism in other terms besides,— not noticing that it becomes another dualism altogether. Thus Mr. Babbitt's famous dualism of Man versus Nature, with Mr. Babbitt aligning himself on the side of Man. It evidently passes into the old metaphysical quarrel between the idealist and the realist, which seems to have nothing to do with the quarrel between the classicist and the romanticist. But this is hardly the occasion to go into that.

Another and far more fatal confusion develops when the original dualism is twisted into a dualism between reason and instinct. Mr. Fausset accepts this dualism as a critical one, and innocently aligns himself on the side of instinct because Mr. Babbitt is on the side of reason. But reason, in its intellectual or scientific development, is not against instinct but in its service. Its contribution is an efficient and economic technique, with which it backs up the teleological process of means and end, whose whole basis is instinctive. It supplies an animal process with a human cunning. If romanticists want to check this process, they must do it by giving freedom to sensibility; for it is sensibility which will stop to make its observations upon the particularity of the situation, and therefore hinder, complicate, and enrich the instinctive drive.

* * *

The telling thing to say for the romantic attitude is that it proposes to complement the life of instinct, however equipped that may be in reason or scientific technique, with intelligence. But somebody must define intelligence. Here I think it must consist in the fulness of sensibility,—not at all in the application of more reason, which will only speed up the instinctive cycle and leave it more poverty-stricken than ever. The background, the atmosphere, the color, the poetry, the massive substantiality, the enjoyment, that is inherent in any situation, is contributed by sensibility. By sensibility only may we now escape from living a life that is more animal than that of animals. Mrs. Mary Colum made this very point, if I am not mistaken, in her article in the February *Scribner's*, which seemed to me almost the most penetrating criticism of Humanism, with its scientific affiliations, that had yet been offered. But perhaps I am too arbitrary in wishing that Mr. Fausset had made the point too.

But let us assume that Mr. Babbitt is committed to the first of the dualisms I have named. Then Mr. Fausset tirelessly makes this plea: You must transcend dualism, which means a division in the mind, and achieve a real unity; the two elements in the dualism must not merely be balanced, alternated, and combined, but married, reconciled, and harmonized, until your experience of the situation is one single experience, and the mind that experiences is one whole or integrated mind. In other words, Mr. Fausset considers that the modern mind is sick, and will stay so until it achieves a monism. But this will hardly be a novel idea to Mr. Babbitt, who has considered the possibility of such a synthesis, and dismissed it as a pretension. Once a dualism, always a dualism, for Mr. Babbitt. And he had a right to ask Mr. Fausset for a more precise exhibition of the mystical union than he has given. It still remains a task for a monist philosopher to offer a convincing demonstration of how two contrasted psychic entities form an organic third entity. Till that is done it remains a figure of speech, and a mere analogy. Probably its authors are thinking enviously of how a bit of sodium and a bit of chlorine form a bit of salt which is neither sodium nor chlorine.

But practically, it seems enough to know that a sufficient faith in sensibility will put sensibility into experience, where it will probably take care of itself.

Life Has a Price

THE ASKING PRICE. By Helen Hull. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

THE story of the impractical, artistic husband damned in a fair materialistic wife who tries (in this case, successfully) to make him a sensible slave like the rest of the world, is no new one; in "The Asking Price" Miss Hull handles it competently. There is none of the intensity which makes Strindberg's "The Father" the blackest of tragedies; and there is none of the artificial heightening of the key that gives Mr. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes" a factitious importance, making one feel afterward that one has been cheated into giving more emotion than the thing was worth. This is good, straightforward writing. The wife is no villainess, but an every-day, shallow woman, who genuinely believes that she is acting for her husband's interests in setting him to write text-books instead of lyrics. The husband is no spiritual Samson undone by a woman, but a man with a gift which might have come to something if he himself had not been a little weak. For the ingenious appropriateness of the title becomes evident only at the end of the book, when Oliver discovers that if he had been firm he could have had his way in the first of his marital differences, and, by implication, in the rest as well. But though Oliver has not the genius that will make its way in spite of everything (except such an immovable body as it encounters in "The Father"), nevertheless enough is shown of his poetic nature to make the story of his rise to ease and respectability a very sad one.

The scene will have a greater interest than the story for the readers who are more concerned with American education than with the disagreements of yet another married couple. The little college town is presented with the same realism and restraint. The inescapable pressure of pecuniary considerations in a poor university, the genteel starvation in body and mind of the unluckier members of the faculty, the stultifying effect of the prejudices of possible benefactors upon the instruction given, are no more than adjuncts to Miss Hull's theme, and are never permitted to obtrude. But they are there, and make up a picture more convincing and more damning than the whole of Mr. Upton Sinclair's "Goose-Step" and "Goslings."

Miss Hull has succeeded admirably in what she has tried to do, so admirably that one cannot suppress a wish that the attempt had been more ambitious.

Dr. Joseph Wright, who was one of the leading English authorities on philology and who held a professorship of that subject in Oxford, died recently in Oxford. His most important contribution to learning was his monumental "English Dialect Dictionary" which he published at his own expense. He was the author also of historical grammars of both English and German, and of a "Comparative Greek Grammar." Dr. Wright began life as a mill-hand, but he managed to save enough to study in Germany. Mathematics was his chief subject in his university days, and it was only after his return to England that he concentrated his interest on philology.

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The Bowling Green

Testament

IT was pleasant to hear again from my old friend Toulemonde, who has been silent a long while; though there are worse conditions than Silence. Knowing him as well as I do, I can readily assign at least two reasons for his taciturnity. He was very likely distressed at always being called "whimsical" whenever he blurted any of his suspicions of truth; and he was probably prickled a little by a kind of formula that the reviewers unanimously adopted to describe his occasional outgivings. They used to say that he was a master "within his limitations." To me one of the chief charms of Sylvester Urquhart Toulemonde (it is always a shock to remember his full name) is that he has happy enlargements when he does not believe there *are* any limitations. In those flushes of best-being, meridian moments, he insists that his christian initials stand for Semper and Ubique.

It's a pity (I quite agree with you) that he has a habit of being somewhat profane in his private correspondence; and his profanity (if that is the word for it) is not of the kind that is readily excised; it is a humble and reverent sort of profanity that runs throughout the weave of his thinking. If it were just interpolated epithet it could be detached; but no; he is hypodermically profane; as difficult to expurgate as either Shakespeare or Don Marquis. What he has been doing all this while, he tells me, is writing his Will, and he sends me some rough draft of the document. It will cause pain to his attorney, if he has one, for his bequests are not too precise and his heirs and assigns very numerous. In fact he bequeathes "the City of New York, as I know it" to All and Sundry, and devotes twenty pages to those special phenomena and fantasias of New York which he would have his usufructuary legatees inherit. Another of his bequests is the constellation Orion, for which he always had a notable regard. Whether this Will can be proved will be an interesting question. At any rate he says that composing it has blunted death's sting, and he regrets that he may not be alive to see it boblished. (There is some joke about that word *boblished* that I do not understand. In his early days he entertained a jocular suspicion of printing-houses, and got into the habit of calling them *boblishers*. Perhaps there is something amusing about it that I cannot apprehend. I have heard him utter the word and then scream with laughter. I condone anything that made him laugh, because he did not do nearly enough of it.)

* * *

Undoubtedly Toulemonde's Testament will be alluded to as "whimsical," or else possibly as "quaint," but he will not turn in his grave because he insists on cremation (something I myself have little fancy for.) But cremation will be necessary in his case, for he wishes to be "reduced to readily portable form." This is so that the funeral ceremony can be carried out as per instructions. There are a great many given Points which he desires the procession to pass, and unless the corpus delicti can be easily transported the whole scheme is impossible. What he wants, he says, is Urn Burial in the New York Manner.

"Just for one day," he says, "viz., the day of my funeral, which must be deferred until a clear transparent weather when two and two are rather better than four, I should like those concerned to concentrate their minds on the insufficiently regarded beauty of this astounding town. With the same exquisite pleasure which I now have in thinking about them, I should like the committee (carrying my cinders in a decent brief case or Boston Bag) to visit certain of those cusps and campaniles that I love; places where coordinates cross. I cannot mention them all, but I give a few suggestions. I am inclined to hope, for reasons of my own (what other reasons are there?) that it will be a windy day when this happens; when the gales of March suggest the daffodil, or when April prepares her green traffic light and the world thinks Go. Then climb the L station at 42nd Street, looking from that windy deck across Bryant Park and over the Tree of Sparrows, and show me the Chrysler Building spiring into the improbable. What is it I hear about a Cloud Club that is to nidify in the upmost twigs of that tall tree of steel? I should have liked to be a member.

"It will be a long day for the committee" (Toulemonde's memoranda for sepulture continue) "and having risen early they will require, toward midday, some warming relaxation. At such a time it would be seemly that they repair, always bearing the Urn, to a favorite hideaway; I suggest the one known to me as the Villa Curiosa because it is in a building owned by a bookseller who specializes in the kind of literature so classified in catalogues. There, ascending in the little private elevator and depositing the Urn on the mantel of the sitting room, they will enjoy (at my expense) a modest tiffin and expound a well-mannered toast. During this day any telephoning that is to be done shall take place in one of these booths in a shoeshining parlor in the Hudson Terminal, where it was my habit to dissolve Space in Time and rearrange my own small zodiac. I remember the extraordinary day when, making for my particular cubicle (I have always found that booth the easiest to talk in) I was horrified to see a truck taking away the whole row of little compartments. I thought with horror that they were gone for good; I remembered all the thousands of anxious electricities I had poured into that poor wooden box (it looked horridly like a coffin, being borne out by lusty engineers) and wanted to climb into it. But in a day or so it was back again, re-equipped with the new dial gadget by which you get your number for yourself. I have marked on the chart (appended to these notes) the exact location of said booth.

* * *

"While in the Hudson Terminal the committee will not omit to note the place, downstairs, where cinnamon buns are sold; and it would be an act of piety to pause a moment in the Prune Exchange Bank, a place where my modest destinies often trembled in the balance. Among subterranean pleasures they should certainly pause at the lavender stall in the 33rd Street terminal of the Hudson Tubes. There, in that unlikely crypt, small bags of fresh lavender may be had at two for a quarter. A dramatist friend of mine, relying on the kindness of the young woman who sells lavender, once left the script of his play—a melodrama whose aroma was very different from that of the old-fashioned herb—at that stall to be called for by envoy; and so learned that the lavender dealer was herself also a playwright. What miracles of impossibility cannot this city of mine offer if you give it a chance? I would ask the committee, for one day, to be aware of all such. The broad sunny plaza in front of the Columbia University Library, always populous with micro-organisms of culture, is a good vantage to consider such things.

"Nor need the day be entirely urban. Perhaps, in the afternoon, a decent vehicle can be procured to travel certain routes on Long Island (indicated on Chart Number 2, herewith) occasionally repeating the old dashboard incantation. 'I've got Minutes, I've got Amperes, I've got Oil, I've got Gas, I've got Miles.' Among prayers to be uttered should be that for Rich People Who Don't Have Fun. I am fond of this prayer, as it is a delightful illustration of the bourgeois defensive complex which likes to believe that the Rich have a poorer time than the indigent. Of course that is essential bosh; Rich People often have Excellent Fun."

* * *

I am extraditing only a few random paragraphs from the Toulemondaine testament: and to get any picture of my friend's temper I must not choose only the jovial portions. "I suspect," he writes, "that even this Will is thoroughly dishonest because it seeks to lay emphasis on things that have made me happy. Perhaps it is too much Special Pleading. As the old property man said, getting ready for the stage-hands' ball (his annual splendor) 'I'm going to get myself manicured from head to foot.' This manuscript should not be manicured; it isn't a Balance Sheet for it won't balance. There is a debit unaccounted for: I have received more than I have given, and I am ashamed. What have I done to even up for the trembling color of daffodils, or for the terraces of the French Building on 45th Street in a pink afternoon light? I was always fond of detective stories, and certainly life is the best of them. It is a Harper Sealed Mystery. Even these notes and codicils have been written in a hurry; a pity, because at least in composing his Will a man should think slowly. But unless I am in a hurry I never do anything. I apologize for having been in a hurry, but I often enjoyed it. A good sleep sometimes makes extraordinary changes in a man's theology. By the time you read this I shall be having it."

Happily that remark was premature. I hope my friend will long continue these prolegomena to a future congé. As the greatest and dearest of all simpletons said of himself, he is an unperfect actor on the stage. When I knew him, he was not wise, not clever, not well-read; not even whimsical; but he had His Own Ideas. His greatest error was in being too likely to think that Other People knew better.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Battle of the Angels

CLASH OF ANGELS. By JONATHAN DANIELS. New York: Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT NATHAN

IT is possible that the early part of the twentieth century will be remembered—as far as literature is concerned—as a period which developed the backyard peep—the long, or short search into the facts of life as they look, smell, feel, and taste. But it is not impossible that it will also be remembered as an age during which the threads of myth and legend which long ago went to make up our religions were unravelled, and woven over into new, ironic tapestries. How much they may amuse, enlighten, or terrify our grandchildren, it is impossible to say. Nor ought these modern weavers, these re-arrangers of myths, to care very much, since it is to their own age that they speak with wit, intelligence, and bitterness. The latest addition to this school, which ranges from John Erskine to Helen Beauclerk, is Jonathan Daniels, whose "Clash of Angels" has just been issued.

Mr. Daniels has told a story of the struggle in heaven between Lucifer and Jehovah. Like Anatole France, he makes Lucifer the prince of joy, of peace, of beauty, and of love. It is Jehovah who is the fanatic, the lord of our miserable theology. And as he tells it, he is right. He is wise and clever; and he has told the story in an exciting way. His demonology is exact, his theology thoughtful, and his battles are extremely active.

And the book gathers power as it progresses. The angels come to life in its pages—but not as angels. Mr. Daniels's book lacks the heavenly beauty of "The Revolt of the Angels"—in which the reader recognizes that Lucifer and Jehovah are indeed divine, because the writing itself is not of this earth, being so much sweeter, stronger, and more elevated. Rather, here are the cavaliers and roundheads, gallant Stuart and dour Cromwell, struggling together on the heavenly plateau, opposed and aided by lesser angels not unlike the creations of Mr. Cabell.

But I feel that in making this criticism, I am ungracious; for there is no reason to expect from a first novel another "Revolt of the Angels." And that a young writer in this country should address himself to those problems of spirit which lie too deep for our realists and naturalists to touch, is to me the happiest of signs. Unfortunately, like Mr. Sheehan's "Eden," which was informed with the same spirit, this book may not be read by those whom it attacks; or, if read, it may be slighted as fantasy. The Gabriel of Mr. Daniels is too strong for him; having organized ignorance, stupidity, and fear, he can shut his ears to his foes, and outwit them by the simple device of not hearing them. Like Lucifer, Mr. Daniels may find that there is nothing for him to do but throw himself over the edge—where, however, he will find himself in extraordinary good company.

The wisest writers of our times will welcome him for the excellence of his learning, the power of his narrative, and the clearness of his ideas.

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, who died the other day, began to write in the early 'eighties, first gaining prominence in 1886 for her delineation of certain phases of New England life in her short stories. She was an early exponent of the now popular style of short, staccato sentences. Many of Mrs. Freeman's novels appeared first in serial form in magazines, as did her short stories. Among her novels were "The New England Nun," "The Long Arm," "Jane Field," and "Pembroke."

In 1926 Mrs. Freeman shared with Edith Wharton, the novelist, the honor of being one of the first two women to be elected to the National Institute of Arts and Sciences.

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The Portrait of a Century

PAST periods like foreign countries, become the fashion. Just as people like one sort of hat because it suits the type of beauty they admire, so people are attracted to a particular place or period because it suits their prevailing mood. Mankind, in its restless search for some ideal and fairy country which satisfies a fancy, dissatisfied with that in which it lives, will identify it with the civilization of some other time or people which appears to possess the qualities it most values, and to lack those which it most dislikes. The ancient world, Corinthian capitals, and Latin inscriptions were the fashion in the Italian Renaissance; the celestial empire of China, porcelain, and short moral fables about people with Oriental names were the fashion in the eighteenth century; the Middle Ages, Gothic tracery, and the "Morte D'Arthur" were the fashion in the days of the Pre-Raphaelites. The mode of a bygone age flourishes again; a curious exotic blooming in the warmth of the admiration of a later day long after its parent tree is withered and dissolved back into earth.

But the later day does not confine itself to admiration. It begins to imitate modes and styles and to adapt them to its own circumstances. The Renaissance despots built classical temples and wrote classical poems and planted classical groves; the powdered dilettanti of 1775 bought English chinoiserie vases and French chinoiserie hangings and Chippendale chinoiserie chairs. The nineteenth century, thorough in everything, was thoroughly Gothic. Its connoisseurs made Gothic summer-houses, Gothic bathrooms, Gothic umbrella stands. They filled the house with stained-glass windows and even called their children by Gothic names—Blanche, Hubert, Edith.

But these imitations only serve to bring out in a stronger light the difference between the period they interpret and their interpretation of it. They recreate it in the image of their own desire; they intensify the elements that charm them; they modify those that offend against their conventions. And the result is a blend of the style they are imitating and their own, that, by its very indication of what they admired, is an exquisitely characteristic example of their own civilization.

There is nothing more typical of the English eighteenth century than an eighteenth-century chinoiserie chair, with all the flowering graces of Pekin tamed into the delicate regularity of Bath. Nothing brings back the feel and atmosphere of the first French empire like an empire sofa, with its rigid sphinx heads and garlands, and bundles of fasces copied exactly from an ancient sarcophagus, in brass and mahogany, and upholstered in red ribbed silk. How Victorian are the Rowenas and Rebeccas of the paintings illustrating Scott's novels that covered the walls of the Royal Academy from 1825 to 1850, with their sloping shoulders and downcast eyes and jet-black hair *en bandeaux;* and the Arcadian shepherd of Elizabethan pastoral, dressed in a mantle of blue silk, his hair stuck with gilly-flowers, spouting conceits; and the scholastic-tongued sages of antiquity of Dante's "Inferno"; and the sultans that strut in so Parisian a minuet through the tragedies of Voltaire! How precisely, how intensely, they bring their age before us by their every word and gesture! These corporate creations, the spirit of one age expressed in the dress of another, possess a fanciful charm of their own: bouquets whose scent mingles many flowers, music whose harmony is made by a peculiar combination of instruments. But they derive this charm from the vivid way in which the unwonted dress reveals the individuality of its wearer. The period appears more clearly itself because it is vainly trying to look like something else.

Today the eighteenth century is the fashion; we print eighteenth-century memoirs; we reprint eighteenth-century novels; we anthologize eighteenth-century poems; we translate eighteenth-century romances. On weekdays we perform eighteenth-century ballad operas; on Sundays eighteenth-century comedies. Our most up-to-date writers eulogize Baroque and Rococo; our most Olympian critics prefer Mozart's operas to Wagner's. And, like earlier ages, we imitate as well as admire. Modern architects design in a severely classical style, all pilaster and pediment. Modern story-tellers emulate the grammatical nakedness of Defoe.

But we are as much the creatures of the time we live in as were the people of other periods; and our interpretation of the eighteenth century is no more like the reality than a Renaissance statue of Apollo is like a Greek statue of Apollo, or the Houses of Parliament are like a Gothic cathedral. People like the eighteenth century because they see it as the Golden Age of the qualities they value; and so they conceive it as possessing these qualities and no others. They like its sensibility because they dislike emotion, and it seems to express itself in emotions so deliberate as hardly to deserve the name at all. They profess to like pure form, whatever that may mean; and the eighteenth century had a talent for form. So they represent its music as all form and no matter, its novels all form and no morals, and its religion all form and no faith. Finally, they dislike the nineteenth century, and they see the eighteenth century as its opposite, and therefore their idea of it exaggerates everything in which this opposition lies: its elegance, its cynicism, its impropriety, its frankness of speech, its foppishness of manner. The eighteenth century of their imagination is a series of salons, where people with snuff-boxes and worldly wise outlook make *mots* in a mood of urbane skepticism born of an extensive experience of the brighter side of life in the capitals of Europe.

It is the land of their dreams; but it is not at all like the England of the eighteenth century, the teeming, clamoring, irregular, enthralling England of the eighteenth century. In order to mold the age they love nearer to their heart's desire, they have successfully shattered it to bits. For one thing, their idea is too homogeneous. Only countries of the mind are so much of a piece. The past does not, any more than the present, escape that incompleteness, that inconsistency which is the essential characteristic of life as we know it, as opposed to life as we should like it to be. A historical period is not a water-tight compartment, containing only what it has itself created, sharing nothing with what has gone before and what comes after. It is a tangle of movements and forces, of various origin, sometimes intertwined and sometimes running parallel, some beginning, some in their prime, some in decay; streaked by anomalies and freaks of nature; colored by physical conditions, by national characteristics, by personalities; struck across by unexpected, inexplicable stirrings of the spirit of God or of man; yet with every strand part of what is past or what is to come: a great river ever fed by new streams, its course continuous and abrupt, checkered and unfaltering, now thundering over a sudden cataract, now partially diverted into a back-water, and carrying on its mysterious surface fragments of wreckage, survivals of an earlier day not yet dissolved into oblivion.

To describe any period, then, as all of a piece is as inaccurate as to paint a picture of its streets with all the houses of the same age and style. Even if the eighteenth-century spirit as we imagine it was really prevalent in the eighteenth century, it would be as false to imagine it as exclusively prevalent, as to imagine all the furniture was made by Sheraton and all the decoration done by Adam. But it was very far from prevailing; it is altogether too much made up of modishness and mockery. Of course, some of the typical figures of the eighteenth century are modish and mocking—Casanova, Voltaire, Lord Chesterfield. But though unlike in other respects, they were alike in outraging most of their contemporaries very much. Casanova succeeded in shocking visitors to Venice even more broad-minded than those of our own day. Lord Chesterfield was looked upon by the ordinary man as having, in the words of Johnson, "The manners of a dancing master and the morals of a whore." While to imagine that Voltaire expressed the general opinion of his time is as sensible as to imagine that Jonah expressed the general opinion of Nineveh. He represents a characteristic and important aspect of eighteenth-century thought, a vivid thread in its tangled skein, but any one who thinks that it is the only aspect, above all in England, has a conception of the period that is wrong from start to finish.

For how many-sided the eighteenth century was can be seen by any one who looks at the mass of novels, plays, poems, sermons, memoirs, letters, and speeches that go to make up a library of the period. If we would find the true spirit of the eighteenth century we must leave the eighteenth century of today, the eighteenth century of the stage, of the book illustrator, even of the historian; seek it in its own books.

For a happy moment let us shut the door on the modern world and retire in fancy to some Augustan library. The curtains are drawn, the fire is lit; outside the silence is broken only by the faint crackling whisper of the winter frost. How the firelight gleams and flickers on the fluted moldings of the bookcases, on the faded calf and tarnished gold of the serried rows of books: the slim duodecimo poems and plays; the decent two-volumed octavo novels; the portly quarto sermons, six volumes, eight volumes, ten volumes; the unity of brown, broken now and again by a large tome of correspondence, green or plum or crimson, only given to the public in our own time. The whole eighteenth century is packed into these white or yellowing pages; all its multifarious aspects, its types, its moods, its morals, self-revealed; the indefinable, unforgettable perfume of the period breathing from every line of print. For the shortest, dullest letter really written in a past age can bring its atmosphere home to you as the most vivid historian of a later time can never do.

HERE, through this long line of volumes, of correspondence, crystallized into a diamond immortality by the fragile brilliance of Horace Walpole's style, streams the life of that small dazzling Whig world that ruled England, with its habits and fashions and whims, its political secrets and its private scandals, its heroes, its buffoons, and its beauties. It is the world of the nobleman who was educated till he was eleven at his ancestral home by a tutor who was also the chaplain; who, after a severely classical four years at Eton, left England for the Grand Tour in his berlin; who was speechless with shyness at Madame du Deffand's parties in Paris, who bought Guido Renis in Bologna; who admired Frederick William I's Guards in Potsdam, stepping together like giant marionettes controlled by one hand; who came back to England; married the daughter of a nobleman as Whig as himself; sat for a pocket borough belonging to himself or a relation; attacked Walpole or maybe Carteret; played loo; made rotund orations, studded with Latin quotations; collected curious antiquities; laid out his gardens in accordance with the grandiloquent plans of Capability Brown; who spent half the year lounging in the windows of Brooks's and half among the oaks and elms of his country seat; who was painted in youth by Alan Ramsay, and in age by Romney; who was brought up to like Pope, but grew to prefer Ossian; who patronized Doctor Johnson; who talked and wrote voluminous letters and composed compliments in verse; who laughed at the royal family and drank too much port and died.

It was a society at once narrow and cosmopolitan, as much at home in Paris as in London, but knowing few people in either. It knew every aspect of its world, but that world was small. It liked painting and politics, but painting meant Leonardo and

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by David Cecil

Raphael, and nothing else, and politics meant the Whig cause and the balance of power, and nothing else. Even the classical learning from which it quoted so freely was more Roman than Greek, and more French than Roman: precise and rhetorical, a collection of apothegms, full of patrician independence and uninsular patriotism. It was conventional, too; lukewarm in religion, but scrupulous about going to church; slack about morals, strict about the proprieties; often republican in theory, always aristocratic in practice.

But though it was outwardly so formal and so cosmopolitan, it was really very English, impulsive, copious, untidy, full of exceptions to the rule, of eccentric characters, excited by sudden gusts of enthusiasm, that make it as different from that contemporary French society to which its conventions gave it an outward likeness as a portrait by Gainsborough is unlike a pastel of Latour. No Frenchman would have suddenly put up a ruined castle in his garden, like Lord Holland, or had fully grown cedar trees planted by torchlight, like Lord Chatham.

IT was, indeed, the most original, as it was far and away the most amusing and attractive, society England has ever known. For its unquestioning acceptance of the conventional structure of life left its whole energy free to develop the individual. It was because their world was so small that they could touch so many sides of it, because they took the facts of existence for granted that they could cultivate its graces, because they never doubted they were born to rule that they could say, with Pitt, "I believe I can save the country, and no one else can."

But eighteenth-century England is not only its aristocracy. Take down this volume of Fielding. Here you may see the life of the middle classes, the life that we see in Smollett and Gillray and "The Beggar's Opera," whose painter was Hogarth, not Reynolds, whose engraver was not Bartolozzi, but Rowlandson; a life spent among tradespeople in the town and squires in the country, the life of the road and the tavern; with its virtuous side lived in those decorous irreligious, classical churches with large-cushioned box pews and a sounding-board over the pulpit; and its vicious among the pimps and pick-pockets, the gambling-hells and disorderly houses behind Drury Lane. It was a life sensible, coarse, and moral; in high spirits, but with its feet planted firmly on the earth; the life of the plain man, in a decent brownstuff suit and shoes with steel buckles, who lived over his shop, and went to Vauxhall on a holiday and sat under Seed or Jortin on Sunday; who gave money to an orphanage and took his wife to see an execution.

For its conception of morality is that expressed in Hogarth's prints of the idle and industrious apprentice. The idle apprentice is hanged, the industrious apprentice becomes Lord Mayor. You might fall into an occasional lapse among the rosy, frankly bosomed trollops or doxies of Covent Garden, but it was soon proved to you by a sober and unenthusiastic clergyman that respectability was the best policy.

It had its adventurous side, too, that adventurous side of life which filled eighteenth-century literature from the novels of Defoe onward. Adventure was undertaken in a very matter-of-fact spirit, drawing its excitement from its incidents alone, and not from any romantic light shed on them by the temperament of its hero; the adventures of the young men who were pressed for sailors, or taken by pirates, like Captain Singleton; or who explored New Zealand with Captain Cook; or were shipped off as incorrigible rakes at eighteen years old, to make fortunes as Indian nabobs, like William Hickey. It is a whimsical contrast between the dying Mogul empire, still illumined by gleams of fantastic splendor, shadowed by omens, wrapped in all the immemorial and colored mystery of the East, and its prosaic red-faced conquerors with an unappeasable thirst for good living, and without a nerve in their bodies.

But the eighteenth century was not altogether without nerves. Look at that fat collection of paper-bound three-volume novels about fashionable life. They are the expression of that neurasthenia that at its worst produced the vapors and at its best "Clarissa Harlowe"; the condition of mind of the languid ladies, with waxen hands and small caps poised dizzily on a tall fan of hair, that droop at one so pensively out of the canvases of the Reverend William Peters. Their nerves affected not their imaginations, but their feelings. Natural sentiments—filial love, maternal love, conjugal love—swelled to such an extent under the tender and unrelaxed attention of their owners as to endanger their healths. If one is to believe the novelists who describe them, these ladies spent whole days writing letters, seated on elegant, uncomfortable chairs except when they walked, muffled in swan's-down, to the willow tree on which the loved one had carved their names. How absurd and morbid and unreal it reads to us! But from time to time the sentences melt into a delicate beauty for which in the works of the robust and healthy-minded we search in vain.

For Beauty in eighteenth-century literature always comes as an expression of the feelings. Look at those long, unread, unreadable shelves of poetry. The descriptions of Nature by Thompson or Crabbe are exact, but they are untouched by the light that never was on land or sea, but which illuminates all great poetry. They would convey no pleasure to a reader who did not know the English scenery they were describing and therefore could not recognize how accurate the description was. Only when the heart of the poet is touched does his poem glow into real beauty, the sentiment gaining an added ring of pathos from the formal language in which it is expressed.

A "conversation piece" of the eighteenth century—Gainsborough's "Minuet," now on exhibition in Sir Philip Sassoon's home in London.

> For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?
>
> On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
> Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
> Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
> Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Horace Walpole, Fielding, Hickey, Richardson, Gray, what difference of outlook do these names conjure up! I cannot think of a single quality common to them all, except a uniform unlikeness to the modern idea of the eighteenth century. And they do not exhaust the varieties of the eighteenth-century scene. There are the astrologers and magicians, Cagliostro and Mesmer, whose practices quiver with a lurid light round the French monarchy in its decay. The Jacobites, shabby, silly, romantic; the miners of Cornwall, howling and foaming at the mouth under the eloquence of the Methodists; the bishops, whose dioceses were in Wales and whose residences were in London, and who edited, with dignity, the more scabrous classical authors.

But there is another strain in the skein of the period, that cannot be so briefly dismissed. I mean that literary intelligentsia which derived from Addison and reached its zenith in the Club; that centered round Burke and Garrick and Goldsmith and Miss Burney, but which could extend to include Gibbon on the one hand and Mrs. Barbauld on the other; the circle whose greatest figure is Doctor Johnson, and whose spirit, lingering on into a new century, flowered once more, a late autumnal blooming, in the chaste talent of Jane Austen.

If eighteenth-century England must have typical representatives, these are the typical representatives of the English eighteenth century. The essential characteristic of their point of view was a disbelief in extremes. They were gregarious but not giddy, stay-at-home but not solitary, often devout but never mystical; if urban in their tastes, not modish; if rural, without any transcendental sentiment about nature; plain-spoken but not salacious, domestic without sentimentality. They disliked the paradoxical, the ecstatic, because they thought them false. What was the value of an idea, however entertaining or original, if its conclusions could not be carried out in ordinary life, or of an emotion, however intoxicating, that could not stand the wear and tear of prosaic every day? But they were not cynical. Indeed, their distrust of the extreme arose from their deep belief in the moral purpose of existence, and their consequent distrust of any fancy or feeling that might distract them from this purpose. You lived in order to be good; theories and feelings were valuable in so far as they helped you in this, and no further. They despised all speculation that was not practicable, all emotion that was not durable. With a robust and rational capacity for enjoying themselves, they thought self-pity and self-depreciation neither sensible nor healthy. But they looked at life with open eyes, and they were too honest and too clear-sighted to expect very much from it.

Lord David Cecil, author of the foregoing article, is a nephew of Lord Robert Cecil, and son of a former cabinet minister. He is a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, where he lectures on the history of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His essay here printed will form, with a few additions, the Prologue to his life of Cowper entitled "The Stricken Deer," to be issued immediately by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Eighteenth Century Journals

GIBBON'S JOURNAL TO JANUARY 28TH, 1763, with Introductory Essays by D. M. Low. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by W. S. LEWIS

SCHOLARSHIP in the eighteenth century is still a very exciting thing when it can find such material as this to work upon; and it is happily served when it has the services of so skilful an editor as Mr. Low. This book is nothing less than the first accurate and complete publication of Gibbon's early Journals, edited from the original MSS. in the British Museum. It is a permanent contribution to the shelves of eighteenth century students.

The journal was begun by Gibbon August 24, 1761, "both to assist my memory, and to accustom me to set a due value upon my time." He opened with a digest of his twenty-four years up to that moment which reminds one of Horace Walpole's "Short Notes of My Life." Then follows his day by day life in the militia which, unlike most literary men, he thoroughly enjoyed. Battalion business, the "Iliad," and good dinners all went together beautifully, but perhaps the section he called "Ephemerides or Journal of my Actions, Studies, and Opinions," is of more general interest to us to-day. In an Appendix is given for the first time Gibbon's complete correspondence with the lady who afterwards became Mme. Necker and who supplied his one and only love affair.

According to a Breslau correspondent of the New York *Times*, "when Gustav Freytag wrote his novel 'Soll und Haben' ('Debit and Credit'), which he intended to epitomize all that was finest in German business traditions and practices, he chose the house of Molinari in that city as his model. Theodore Molinari, who appears in the story as T. O. Schroeter, was his friend, and the narrative recounts many actual incidents in the life of the old merchant. The book has long been a favorite in Germany, and will be remembered my many as a text in high school and college German courses in America.

"Recently the 150-year-old firm tumbled precipitously from its position of honor among business men of the old school. Jacob Molinari, last owner of the business and last to bear the famous name, was sentenced to six months in prison and a fine of 1,000 marks for falsifying his books, fraud, and bankruptcy incurred through criminal negligence. The business has been wound up."

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Books of Special Interest

Tropical Nature

MY TROPICAL AIR CASTLE. By FRANK M. CHAPMAN. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY
American Museum of Natural History

What I wanted was a permanent home to which I could return year after year with ever-growing pleasure, situated at the border of a primeval tropical forest, looking over water to distant mountains, where the members of a practically undisturbed fauna should be my daily, if unseen, companions, where living conditions imposed no handicap of hardship or discomfort on my powers of observation or enjoyment, in a region that was beautiful, healthful, and accessible.

A NEARLY impossible order, one might say, and yet Dr. Chapman found such a winter range of his heart's desire on Barro Colorado Island, in the Canal Zone, and thither he bids fair to migrate season after season, until the end of his days. The book is a by-product of the observations on tropical nature and the tempered reflections he has thus far recorded.

Much of the current notice given this volume stresses its quality as pleasant reading, but two other characteristics make an immediate appeal to a naturalist and become also the best reasons for commending it. The first is its simple verity. The author knows his subjects and their environment from decades of extraordinarily active study throughout all the life zones of the two Americas, and he has neither space nor inclination for trifling. His statements of fact inspire confidence; his theses are clear and significant; his consideration of problems mature and well grounded. Neither does he feel under obligation to answer all of the complex questions raised, for a stimulating and well compared record of observed behavior is of more interest, as well as of more value, than a half-baked solution. Although Dr. Chapman frequently attempts to project his own personality into the sentience of an animal, there is never the slightest confusion between the objective account of phenomena and the subjective effort to rationalize them. In like manner, the magic of his language in such sections as that dealing with the voices of tropical birds, for instance, is not set down at the expense of straight discourse. Through all the color and texture of words that make for happy reading, this book never leaves the thread of truth; it is a faithful, and hence truly illuminating, picture of the world it describes.

The second outstanding characteristic of the work is closely related, and may be called its scientific tangibility. This is due to the familiarity of its author with the history of biological field work since the time of Darwin. Such knowledge is expressed not in pedanticism but rather in avoiding the pit-falls of the impressionists. Library shelves are filled with charmingly written books on nature which get us nowhere because their authors are a mere generation out of date. Not so with Dr. Chapman, who enters the lists without disarming from his normal life of creative research, and with full understanding that the real judges of even his "popular" work are not so much the reading public as the lynx-eyed peers with whom all men of science lead an existence that is at once a collaboration and contest.

This is not equivalent to saying that all of Dr. Chapman's zoölogical opinions are the ultimate gospel. He believes, for example, in a certain environmental influence in evolution which, to say the least, is not proved. But his method is sound and he presents his interpretations not only with confidence, but with the hope that they will be further tested and extended. However rich his cross section of tropical life, he is peculiarly fitted to know that it can be no more than a thin slice of a practically exhaustless whole. Therefore he has checked his own findings and conclusions against those of more than thirty of his colleagues who have worked in the same or related fields.

Of the fourteen chapters in the volume, five relate to the island and its neighborhood, so romantically remote despite the fact that the world daily passes its door. The opening chapter is confined to Barro Colorado itself, and to the stages leading to the foundation of the unique biological laboratory. Two chapters are devoted to detailed and long-continued studies of colonial species of birds and their natural enemies, and a third to the old problem of whether the turkey vulture locates its food by sight or by sense of smell. Audubon long ago "settled" the question in favor of sight, but Dr. Chapman has reopened it, and has recounted so fairly and disinterestedly his carefully checked experiments that the reader can hardly help following him to the conclusion that the nose counts most, after all. "The Voices of Tropical Birds" and "Tropical Forest Birds" contain so much more than their titles imply that it is possible only to hint of their charm and their technical importance. The meaning of color and pattern in birds, a subject which has suffered so much from treatment by eager, but single-track minds, here receives something approaching adequate discussion.

"Who Treads our Trails," "The Monkeys," and "Presenting the Coati" all deal with the mammalian jungle life, an assemblage comprising tapirs, pumas, and other cats, peccaries, bats, and additional furry creatures which pass undisturbed lives within sound of the whistles of a never-ending file of freighters and passenger steamers! All of these were photographed by Dr. Chapman's wonderfully ingenious flashlight apparatus, and we are permitted to pry into their private affairs no less than in the case of the birds. As regards the latter, by the way, we find in this book a sort of astronomical approach, for Dr. Chapman wrote down many of his notes while watching nesting birds by the hour through twenty-four power binoculars mounted on a fixed base. The method opened up a new cosmos, for it brought the subjects within arm's length, and yet left them as unaffected by the close scrutiny as though they had been stars or comets, or the microscopic infusoria in a drop of pond water.

Nature Poetry

THE WIND IN THE CEDARS. By GLENN WARD DRESBACH. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER

THE quality that emanates from this collection of eighty poems is neither an insistent lyricism nor a gift for philosophical reflection. Nor is it the throb of human passion, although Mr. Dresbach is lyrical, pleasantly philosophical, and often emotional. But what gives him a certain uniqueness is his intense sympathy for nature and almost a painter's exactitude in transcribing her various aspects. Whether it be beast or flower, sunset, reflections in water, trees grouped against a background of light, each and every phenomenon is observed with a sort of rapt objectiveness, as if it were the duty of the lover to give back the beloved object in clear outlines and clean colors. "From a Mountain" and "Empty Corral" stand out among the purely objective poems, and "Approach to Cedars," and the following:

BLOODROOT

It seems we have learned more about this root
Because perverse attention, with no heed
For its one white bloom, lingers to refute
Its power to bleed . . .
And hurts it, watching what the hurt can bring
As if it were an almost human thing
That must have doubt
And bruise to bring the affirmation out—
But to be wasted on some one who lingers
To wipe the passion of it from the fingers.

These are samples of Mr. Dresbach's personal flavor. The poem quoted reminds one slightly of Robert Frost as do two of the longer narrative poems, "A Trace of Gold" and "Fifty Sacks of Corn." The resemblance does not lie in locale or in phraseology, nor even in choice of subject, since our foremost American poet cannot lay claim to all our rural dramas. It lies rather in his approach to his characters: in an understanding that is at once sympathetic and detached.

Although Mr. Dresbach paints his small canvases with workmanlike clarity, his verses are seldom noticeable for the startling phrase, the unusual epithet. Here and there a fine picture is evolved in a phrase but these instances are rare enough to be remarkable.

Mr. Dresbach has a slight tendency to philosophize, or rather to moralize, as he transcribes what he observes. But as he lacks the concentrated passion that lifts the didactic into the ecstatic or the prophetic, this is a tendency he would do well to restrain. The group of sonnets as expositions of the form are not noteworthy, although some of the pictures, especially the curious "Desert Incident," linger in the memory.

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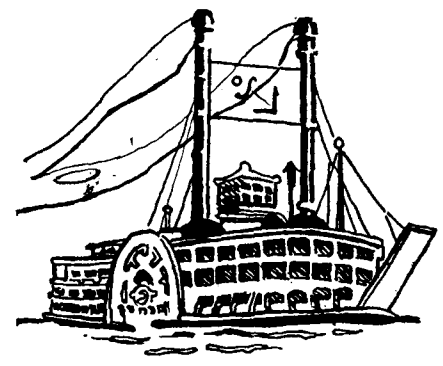

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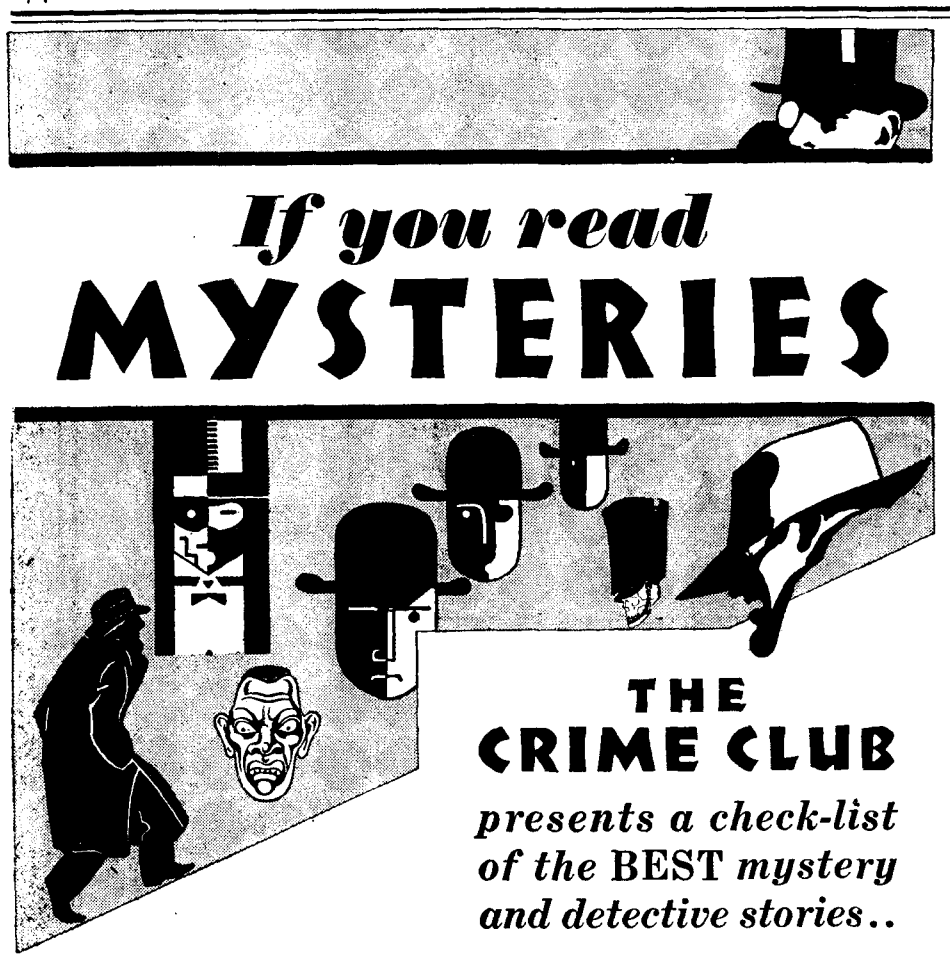

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POEMS 1929. By ROBERT GRAVES. Hammersmith, London: The Seizin Press. 1929. $2.25.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

MR. GRAVES'S first volume was published in 1916, his latest in 1929. In the thirteen intervening years there have appeared from his pen sixteen volumes, eight each of prose and poetry. The first two or three were forthright in style, simple in purpose, and with "Country Sentiment" Mr. Graves, so one was ready to believe, had established his characteristics. His qualities were charming rather than startling, playful and lightly *macabre* rather than profound; qualities which, while not those of a great poet, were distinctly those of an enjoyable one. The young Mr. Graves was happy in his combinations (and variations) of two traditionally English forms—the ballad and the nonsense rhyme. "A Frosty Night," "Dicky," "True Johnny," "Henry and Mary," "The Cupboard," "Neglectful Edward," "The General Elliott," "The Bedpost" are some of the measures that seem written out of a surplus and careless fertility, with little effect, scarcely with thought, and with one eye winking at the Nursery.

But Thought, that enemy of the lyric impulse, spread her theory-spun snare for Mr. Graves and soon he was laboring in her toils. He began to analyze, pare, probe, examine ways, means, and the creative process—his own as well as others'. No less than six volumes were devoted to interpretation and technique: "On English Poetry" (1921), "The Meaning of Dreams" (1924), "Poetic Unreason" (1925), "Contemporary Techniques of Poetry" (1925), "Another Future of Poetry," (1926), "A Survey of Modernist Poetry," the last in collaboration with Laura Riding (1928). His volumes of verse during that period reflect changing preoccupations. "The Pier Glass" (1921), "The Feather Bed" (1923), "Mock Beggar Hall" (1924), "Welchman's Hose" (1925), "The Marmosite's Miscellany" (issued pseudonymously as by "John Doyle") turn from fancy to philosophy, from philosophy to metaphysics, from Skelton to Freud. One sees the Kaleidoscopic shifts plainly in "Collected Poems" (1914-1926)," where the whimsical and amatory run through war-poems and "poems of unrest and transition" to the heavily intellectual and awkwardly involved.

May sudden justice overtake
And snap the froward pen,
That old and palsied poets shake
Against the minds *of men.*

Blasphemers trusting to hold caught
In far-flung webs of ink
The utmost ends of human thought
Till nothing's left to think.

But may the gift of heavenly peace
And glory for all time
Keep the boy Tom who tending geese
First made the nursery rhyme.

Thus the early Mr. Graves (ca. 1916) admonishing (one likes to believe) the mature author who, some dozen years later, writes in part:

THE TOW-PATH

Annagrammatising
TRANSUBSTANTIATION,
Slily deputising
For old Copopulation
SIN SAT ON A TIN TAR TUB
And did with joy his elbows rub.

Art introseduced him
To females dull and bad,
Flapper flappings, limb-slim,
From his blonde writing-pad,
The river-girlgling drained of blood—
Post-card flower of kodak mud. . . .

But Mr. Graves, with an offhand bow to the dislocations of James Joyce, sings his Gertrude Stein song even more determinedly in "A Sheet of Paper," "It was all very tidy," "Guessing Black or White" and "Back Door" which concludes in the best pun-rhyming manner of the author of "Tender Buttons":

Always the same, these crews, these crows—
Lousy! Not interested? No? The shame!
Then how much must I owe you?
Many thanks, again, many francs,
Many pranks, many thanks, again.
Good day!

The significant thing about these later verses is not their individual failure, but their creator's repudiation of most of the early ones. He has suppressed some, suffered others, and (in "Collected Poems") grudgingly reprinted not a few with the comment that he has already given the benefit of the doubt to too many merely "anthology pieces." It is a sad case. Mr. Graves began as one who had simplicity rather than acquired simplesse. He was a true innocent. By taking thought unsuited to his intuitive temperament he has not increased his stature. He has lost innocence without gaining wisdom. He is a somewhat too eager *vierge folle*, continually being "introseduced" by a new idea.

Puppet Plays

A REPERTORY OF MARIONETTE PLAYS. Chosen by PAUL MCPHARLIN. New York: The Viking Press. 1929. $6.

Reviewed by ANNE STODDARD

PAUL MCPHARLIN, compiler of this impressive volume, is himself a creator of marionettes. As director of the Marionette Fellowship of Evanston, Illinois, he has produced several of the plays in this collection, some of which he has also translated. In his introduction he discusses the function of the marionette, marionette theatres ancient and modern, and the history and development of the puppet-play. Each play in the repertory is prefaced by an illuminating editorial note, and the book, which is attractively made, is illustrated with sketches and photographs.

Fourteen plays have been chosen, among them Maeterlinck's "Death of Tintageles" (Paul McPharlin's translation), Goethe's "Das Jahrmarktsfest zu Plundersweilern," Maurice Sand's "Candidate for Trepagny," and Count Pocci's "Casper among the Savages." Most of the plays are classics of the marionette stage, although several modern playlets are included in the volume.

It may be seen at a glance that the book is of interest to the student of the development of the puppet-play, rather than to the producer seeking a practical repertory, since many of the plays, while interesting historically, are unsuited to modern production, looked at from the point-of-view of the puppet-showman, amateur or professional, who must catch and hold an audience. Or so it seems to us.

"The Candidate for Trepagny," written by Maurice Sand and produced at Nohant—the puppets probably dressed by George Sand herself,—has glamour for the student, as "Junk-dump Fair," Goethe's little commentary on human foibles, which he wrote for marionettes and presented in 1769 using a puppet-stage that his grandmother gave him when he was a boy, has also—but these and other plays included in the volume, such as "Calaclysterium's Medicine," by Louis Emile Duranty (performed in Paris during the Second Empire), and "Mr. Goodman and Mrs. Gracious," by Lemercier de Neuville, produced in 1867, are all too much of their own day and too little of ours, to prove successful, we imagine, as vehicles for modern puppets. Children, certainly, would not be interested in them.

Count Pocci's "Casper among the Savages," and "The Coq Brothers," a Guignol play by Laurent Mourguet, might be revived with good results, one ventures to think; or the exceedingly interesting version by the puppeteer Bonneschky of the old puppet-play, "Doctor Faust" which was the inspiration for Goethe's masterpiece. The "Doctor Faust" play, needless to say, is not for children.

Among the modern plays in the collection a one-act piece by Mathurin Dondo, "Every Dog Has His Day," is crisp and entirely practical for marionettes of today, preserving nevertheless the delightful naiveté which belongs inherently to the puppet stage. Under the name of "The Wash-Tub," this little play has been frequently performed by Professor Dondo's own puppets.

An appendix, listing producers of marionette plays in America and England, a bibliography of plays, an index of persons who have written for puppets, or acted as puppeteers, concludes the book. It should be immensely useful to those who are interested in marionette production.

So far as we know, a repertory of modern puppet-plays drawn from the scripts actually in use by the various marionette companies in America and England has not been compiled. Many of these are dramatizations of classic stories, and a collection of the best of them would be a boon to the brotherhood of puppet-showmen.

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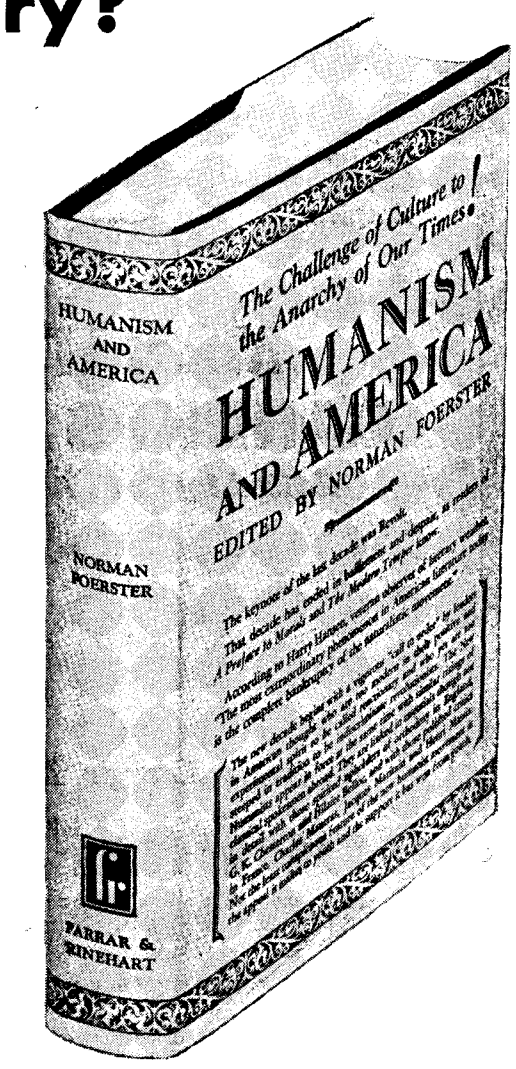
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Foreign Literature

Byron— Fact and Fiction

LORD BYRON: ROMAN EINER LEIDENSCHAFT. By KASIMIR EDSCHMID. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay. 1929.

LORD BYRON KOMMT AUS DER MODE. By MAX BROD. The same.

LORD BYRON, PERSÖNLICHKEIT UND WERK. By HELENE RICHTER. Halle: Max Niemeyer. 1929.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

MONSIEUR ANDRÉ MAUROIS is not the only distinguished writer in Europe who has rediscovered Byron in our day. In advance of his book on Byron three German writers, almost simultaneously, had written books on the English poet, and the circumstance aroused such interest in Germany that the review *Die Literatur* held a symposium on the new Byron fashion. In this, Georg Kaiser rather sharply denied the report that he, too, was engaged on a play with Byron as the hero, but Herr Edschmid, the ex-Expressionist poet, dramatist, and critic, gave an interesting account of the way in which he had come to write his Byron novel, and Herr Max Brod explained the motives of his Byron play. The first seems, in the course of his wide travels in the Mediterranean, to have found so many traces of Byron—in Venice, in Pisa, the Greek Islands, on Lake Geneva, in Albania, in Cadiz and Seville and Smyrna, that he was driven to reread Byron's life and works, and came to the conclusion that the poet had not been adequately presented. If, for example, he had been the "Don Juan *en trois étages*" that by some he has been represented, he would not have lived those three years in Ravenna. Hence this new attempt to show the real Byron in a novel which is carefully built up on the main facts of the poet's life, but seems to us marred by the preoccupation which is indicated in the subtitle.

According to Herr Edschmid, most of Byron's life was overshadowed by his passion for his half-sister, but if this is not as much a partial rendering of that many-sided personality as those which Herr Edschmid condemns, then we have misread the poet's biography, and the latest investigations regarding his relations with Lady Byron, which reveal a wayward, abnormal personality not at all to be explained along rigid lines of psycho-analytical theory. To do Herr Edschmid justice, we will remark that many of his chapters, for example the life of Byron at Harrow, give a lively and useful impression of the boy who was father to the man, but on the whole one cannot say that the German novelist has succeeded where Maurice Hewlett, in his "Bendish," so signally failed.

The German dramatist has narrowed down the facts of Byron's life, but has, in distinction to Herr Edschmid, increased the motives on which he has built up his presentation of the poet. Not only the love for Augusta (coupled with antipathy to his mother), but the poet's passion for freedom and hatred of conventional society—these are the two chief themes of Herr Brod's play. For him Byron, too long neglected—in recent times, of course—is the great representative of the conflict between the individual and society; he is the *herrliche Freiheitsmensch,* who embodies the collective will of mankind in opposition to all commonplace bourgeois ideas. This arbitrary judgment leads the dramatist to concentrate on certain well-known episodes in Byron's life, his relations with Augusta, his introduction into aristocratic London society, his experiences in Greece. And on the whole these are rendered with a force and ability which impresses such incidents on the memory. But there seems, in spite of Herr Brod's defense in his Postscript, no valid reason why whole periods should be entirely neglected—Byron's life in Italy, for example. The writer seems to have fallen between two stools. Either he should present a pageant of Byron's life, or concentrate on one aspect of Byron's life as the exemplification of a problem in human psychology. Really, we have neither, and it is much to be doubted whether the second could be attained at all satisfactorily for an audience to which, presumably, the main facts of the poet's life are familiar. Byron, unlike Hamlet, is too well known and too near our own time for an attempt to make him the centre of a psychological or philosophical play at all convincing.

In fact, turning to Dr. Helene Richter's careful and pretty complete study of Byron's personality and work, we are driven to speculate whether all the facts are not only more satisfying intellectually, but more interesting than volumes of fiction. If we check Herr Brod and Herr Edschmid by Dr. Richter's account, we shall find the former accurate enough as far as they go, but the more scientific writer is not limited by a thesis, and although doing without a massive bibliographical machinery, has covered almost all the field, neglecting only the most recent material provided by Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne in her life of Lady Byron, of which Dr. Richter was aware, but which she was unable to utilize. One example of the point we wish to make will suffice. Even admitting the legitimacy of "writing-up" such a scene as Byron's death-bed, one may question whether anything imaginary could equal in impressiveness the scene as depicted, on the basis of historical fact, by Dr. Richter. The balanced, unprejudiced view of Byron, which even in England has not yet perhaps established itself, will be assisted greatly by Dr. Richter's study; the other two works, with their unmistakable merits, may merely assist to revive another Byron legend.

Mr. Morand's Manhattan

NEW YORK. By PAUL MORAND. Paris: Flammarion. 1930.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

BESIDES being an accomplished traveler, M. Paul Morand has always been a great enthusiast for things American,—even to the extent of comparing unfavorably such charming institutions as the Paris telephone service with the more impersonal American one. It is perhaps not surprising, therefore, that he devotes his new book to a lengthy pæan in honor of our largest city, which he has visited and explored much as he visited and explored Timbuctu a few years earlier. His verdict is in the main extremely favorable, and his picture of the city, though in some ways it will be scarcely recognizable to Americans, is likely to be remembered and imitated by other travelers in the future. He has, in effect, provided a guide-book of New York, without the devastating completeness of Baedeker or the annoying lapses and omissions of the purely literary descriptions of the city by foreigners.

His book is addressed largely to the tourist in search of amusement, who expects to be astonished by New York, perhaps horrified, but always amused. There is a good deal in it that is inaccurate, and the spellings of American names are confused as only a French proofreader can confuse them, yet on the whole M. Morand has seen New York well and truly, as well as in the impeccable perspective of modernity which is so characteristic of all his work. He gives rather more space to the overexploited foreign quarters of the town than one would expect and rather less to the way the average man lives, but it is, after all, only the very rich and the very poor who are picturesque in their habits of life.

The most striking thing about M. Morand's painless guide-book, however, is that it is already out of date. The interval between the author's last visit to New York and the publication of his book has seen a total shift, for instance, of interest and accent in the skyline of the city. Neither the Chrysler nor the Chanin building arrested M. Morand's attention when he left our shores, nor had the new buildings downtown been completed. In the same way the names of night clubs quoted by the author already seem prehistoric, and the fashion in speakeasies has completely changed. Yet the talent for assimilation, which has always been M. Morand's chief charm, as well as the great obstacle to his chance of writing anything lasting, is in this book ideally employed. Both the native and the passenger on an incoming liner may find things in his book which will bring the life of the city nearer and render it more understandable. In any case, M. Morand's interest in America is liable to repay both himself and the casual reader of his deceptively facile but extremely clever book.

The first number of England's latest periodical, the *Week-End Review,* came from the presses last week.

The journal has been founded by Gerald Barry, former editor of the *Saturday Review,* who resigned with all his colleagues when the former proprietors switched suddenly to the support of Lord Beaverbrook's United Empire party.

Contributors to the first number include Arnold Bennett, who becomes dramatic critic; Humbert Wolfe and James Stephens, among the poets; A. P. Herbert and Gerald Gould among the essayists, and the former *Saturday Review* editorial staff.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

DIME NOVELS. By EDMUND PEARSON. Little, Brown. 1929. $3.

MALAESKA (Or, The Indian Wife). By MRS. ANNE S. STEPHENS. Day. 1929. $2.50.

The renaissance of the dime novel, or rather its rehabilitation after many decades of neglect and disfavor, has inspired Mr. Edmund Pearson to tell the story of its birth and growth in an entertaining if somewhat hastily assembled book. The dime novel, as he reminds us, was not originally so lurid an affair as our fathers believed. The firm of Beadle, which first conceived the idea of publishing stories of adventure "by reputable authors" at a popular price, was strongly in favor of uplifting the moral tone of the community by its publications, and it was only after rival publishers had attempted to improve on the formula that they were forced to yield to the popular clamor for bigger and better fights, more gore, and more improbable happenings in each addition to their enormous list of thrilling tales.

Mr. Pearson gives up the greater part of his book to quotations and descriptions of the best known of the Beadle successes, with a final symposium of opinions on the harmfulness of the books as a class. The innumerable people who have read and enjoyed the dime novels in their younger days will be relieved to hear that the verdict is in the main favorable. While no one is bold enough to take the stump for them as literature, many are ready to admit that they were often neither devoid of imagination nor too badly written considering the conditions of their production.

In connection with this it is interesting to read the reprint of Mrs. Stephens's "Malaeska," published in 1860, which ranks as the first dime novel. As a story it is by no means to be ignored even now, and as a chronicle of Indian life it is more accurate than much that has been written since, but it is unashamedly natural in its sentimentality.

Biography

FRANCIS BACON, THE FIRST MODERN MIND. By BYRON STEEL. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $3.

Mr. Steel says that "Lord Bacon" is incorrect. It is either Francis, or Sir Francis, or Lord Verulam. No doubt he is right if our usage must follow the rulings of the Heralds' college. It doesn't always. The error is probably incorrigible, and does not greatly matter. "Sir Francis" looks queer, and plain Francis is preferable. He has been, and is, called Lord Bacon, because Bacon, not Verulam or St. Albans, is the name that time has fixed to that particular mountain peak of fame; and because it has been remembered but less emphatically, that he was a Lord Chancellor and a Lord something else. As for "The First Modern Mind," the reason for the epithet is obvious, but the propriety debatable. Was it more modern than that of Galileo or Erasmus? Bacon was the great propagandist of knowledge by observation and experiment. He put science, so to speak, on the map. In reading the essays of Bacon and Montaigne one feels the mind of Bacon is the more powerful, but hardly the more modern. It seems quite distinctly of a Renaissance type. Bacon, Hooker, and Hobbes were the political thinkers in England of the seventeenth century, and the political thinking of none of them could be called modern.

The Bacon paradox remains more or less as Pope stated it. If you turn from the essays to one of his crawling, obsequious letters, you pass from the power and subtlety, from the splendor of diction and wisdom a little cold, to something serpentine, not to say slimy. Mr. Steel's is a well balanced portrait. The glimpses Mr. Strachey gives are nearly all viperous. The paradox is based on the feeling that a mind like Bacon's ought to go with a corresponding highmindedness, with a character something like that of Sir Thomas More. It commonly enough does not but the contrast in Bacon's case is unusually sharp.

MICHELANGELO, AND OTHER SKETCHES. By DMITRI S. MEREZHKOVSKY. Translated from the Russian by NATALIE DUDDINGTON. Dutton. 1930.

One opens a book about Michelangelo written by the accomplished author of "Leonardo da Vinci" with high expectations which are as soon disappointed. We have only an extended sketch, taking Michelangelo at certain crises. The booklet is almost as monotonous and undistinguished as it is short. One may imagine, to hold the friendliest possible view, that a juvenile effort of the author's is being floated on his mature prestige. When one thinks of the extraordinary documentation that lies ready for a novelist in the case of Michelangelo, and the very skilful use that the author has made of much scantier material in his "Leonardo da Vinci," one is driven to the above explanation. To eke out the bulk, two Florentine anecdotes in the tradition of Boccaccio are added. They are gracefully done, of slight importance, and again have the aroma of *juvenilia*. The proof reading is so scandalously bad that one is surprised to read the name of a historic publishing house at the foot of the title page.

VANAMEE. By MARY CONGER VANAMEE. Harcourt, Brace. 1930. $3.

In this biography of her husband, Mrs. Vanamee has written a cool and detached study of a luminous personality and of an extraordinary relationship,—so extraordinary, the cynic would say, that it simply could not last. In presenting this complete, intimate picture of Parker Vanamee, she has stripped from the memories of a mourning wife all traces of sentimentality and idolatry, but has left untouched those familiar blemishes which a polite and successful photographer always removes.

This biography is not alone an addition to literature but to the archives of psychology as well. Here was a Christ-like man who began his career as a newspaper reporter and ended it prematurely in the stinking trenches. Vanamee was one of those lovable, uninhibited creatures, relentlessly frank, always one jump ahead of the next person, belonging to a type which the Church seldom attracts but needs most of all. As a clergyman he gave his congregation no opportunity to shock him, for he was perpetually shocking them. As an individualist, he was what Socrates might have called a gad-fly. As a sincere missionary, he could ride a horse like a professional jockey, drink, swear with any British Tommy, and play poker. What was more, he flew these "vices" as crusading banners. They were his sermons. His knowledge of human nature was profound. "We always like people we've been kind to," he once remarked. His enthusiasm and energy were boundless. "Twenty-four hours a day he was at concert pitch," Mrs. Vanamee writes. "I used to feel like the Irishman who, looking at the hippopotamus, said, 'Gee, there ain't no such animal.' "

Well-proportioned and written in the best American idiom, the story of Parker Vanamee's life is told with mature objectivity, imagination, force, and courage. After one puts the book down, one requires solace for the death of Vanamee, and we felt that none could administer it so well as his widow and biographer.

Education

THE BEHAVIOR OF YOUNG CHILDREN. By *Ethel B. Waring* and *Marguerite Wilker*. Scribners. $1.

AN INTRODUCTION TO NARRATIVE WRITING. By *Ruth B. Safford*. Harcourt, Brace.

THE MODERN PARENT. By *Garry Cleveland Myers*. Greenberg. $3.50.

AMERICAN HISTORY WORKBOOK. By *Thomas M. Marshall* and *Edgar Bruce Wesley*. Macmillan. 2 sections. 68 cents each.

THE NEW EDUCATION IN EUROPE. By *Frederick William Roman*. Dutton. $4.40.

UNDERSTANDING THE ADOLESCENT GIRL. By *Grace Loucks Elliott*. Holt. $1.25.

Fiction

THOSE WAR WOMEN. By ONE OF THEM. Coward-McCann. 1930. $2.50.

Back in the trying days of 1919, when the war was over and the ferry home had not done its beneficent work, you could hear ideals cracking all over France. It was bad everywhere, but it was worse at Paris, where you couldn't take ten steps without breaking a good resolution and where the French demi-monde collected before the treaty was signed a sum equivalent to Reparations from the disillusioned idealists of the A. E. F.

To cope with this situation the French Army ran a service of a distressingly low-principled sort. America's indignant answer was to send over fair young "entertainers" to organize theatrical troupes and to supply the boys with "good, clean fun." Here is the diary of one of them, with names

(*Continued on page 879*)

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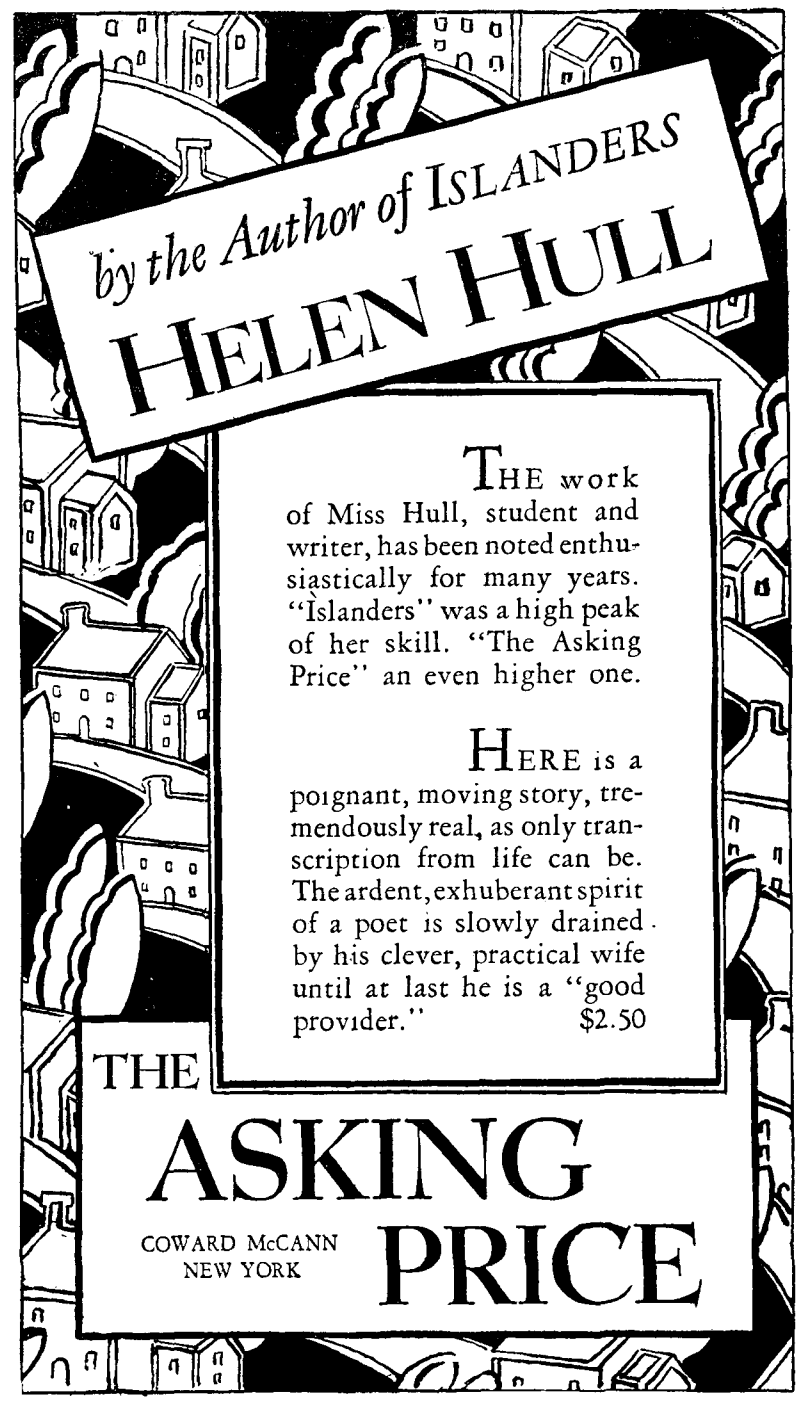
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The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 82. A First Prize of ten dollars and a Second Prize of five dollars are offered for the best short rhymed poems called "Mirage." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of April 7.)

Competition No. 83. A First Prize of ten dollars and a Second Prize of five dollars are offered for the best short poems in the lyrical manner of Mr. Robert Frost. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of April 21.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH COMPETITION

The prize for the best short rhymed poem called "Niagara Revisited" has been awarded to Homer M. Parsons of San Bernardino, California.

NIAGARA REVISITED

(With apologies to Wordsworth's Yarrow)

THE tipsy Youth, from Canada
Returning with a stagger—ah!—
Was but an Infant in the lap
When first I viewed Niagara;
Once more, beside the famous Falls,
The Coast Guard keeping order,
I stood in line, and thirstily
Looked long across the border!

And if, as on my honeymoon,
Some sweet anticipation
Welled up within me, and I felt
In love with all creation;
If, then, *the river's deafening roar*
Awed not, but left me frisky,
The wind was more than half to blame:
It bore the breath of whisky.

For thee, GREAT SCOTT! Compelled to change
Old Crow's superb authority
For gentle-mannered milk to please
A militant minority;
For mild and unfermented sap;
For more efficient slavery;
I'll drink an added quart or two
To compensate your bravery.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day
Across Niagara wandered;
Who through the silent swinging door
Watched many a dollar squandered,
And perched a foot upon the rail
And leaned upon mahogany
Till thoughts in giddy spirals flew
Or flopped about on froggy knee!

Flow on, flow on, Niagara!
Roll barrels o'er thy precipice,
And harness thy electric horse:
Not that, I will confess up, is
My interest in thee: to chant
Thy dearer joys I'd sooner.
Best, best of all, as now I feel:
Beyond thee rides—the schooner!

—HOMER M. PARSONS.

Memories (which I had not really meant to arouse) of Wordsworth's Yarrow poems whispered through many of the best entries in this contest. All I had intended to invite, however, was a short rhymed poem dealing with contrasted impressions of the Falls, perhaps from the viewpoint of people who had once honeymooned there in the old American style. The chance that sent Claudius Jones, Homer Parsons, Anne E. Smith, and some others to Wordsworth for their model was nevertheless fortunate. I think that Homer Parsons's high-spirited verses deserve to wrest the prize (after a long struggle) from Claudius Jones's quieter though charmingly turned imitation. Mr. Jones has had bad luck on this page lately; so too has Bert Leach who always offers something arresting. Ruby Speer's entry fell off after its first stanza—

Your rolling organ harmonies
Soared up to Heaven's arch
That perfect day, Niagara, when
You played our wedding march.

Corinne R. Swain's disillusioning verses are commended and printed below together with Claudius Jones's entry. Others who deserve praise are Anna Hamilton Wood, Phoebe Scribble, Helen Vernia, and especially Ralph Thompson and George O. Jager whose poem was unrhymed for the most part, but, as is usual with his work, had lines of distinct power and a remarkable range of allusion.

NIAGARA REVISITED

I. By CLAUDIUS JONES

We skirted George's leafy banks
From green Ticonderoga
And traveled West to Buffalo
Stopping at Saratoga.
We traced the routes of savage war
Of Iroquois and Micmacs,
Sat for our tintypes, you and I,
And filled our bags with knick-knacks.

Then here above the roaring gorge
In mist and spray-clouds fuming
We stood and heard, as now we hear,
Niagara's torrents booming.
The hues of Springtime decked the trees,
The sunlight kissed our faces
And while we stood we turned to share
Occasional embraces.
As now we listen, arm in arm,
Amid Niagara's noises,
I hear the whole tumultuous past
Speak with a thousand voices.
I hear our love of forty years
Blend with a soft and mellow
Note, as among the violins
Murmurs the tender 'cello.

As thus we listen, arm in arm,
And watch the waters cloven,
I hear a mightier "Hymn to Joy"
Outchorusing Beethoven,
And all my being yearns to join
The leaping waters, voicing
The future's symphonies, and share
The cataract's rejoicing.

II. By CORINNE R. SWAIN

Say, I've enjoyed my visit; your factory—it's immense!
Everything up to the minute; perfection and hang the expense!
It's well worth coming to see what progress can do, you know—
Yes, I was here, or hereabouts, a good many years ago.
I shall have plenty to tell them, when I get back to the West;
We think our plant is a wonder, but yours is better than best.
Your output's simply amazing—seventy carloads an hour!
But the thing that really gets me is your marvelous water power.
Think of this river—useless, energy all misplaced,
Till science put on the harness and stopped the appalling waste!
I've heard folks rave of Niagara, and it didn't mean much to me,
But now that I know what it's all about, I'm strong for it, yes siree!
Thanks, but I can't stay longer; be glad to lunch with you, too,
But I'm driving down for a glimpse of the Falls, before my train is due.
Promised the wife I'd do it, or I shouldn't run off so soon.
Women are funny that way—you see, we were there on our honeymoon.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 877*)

and dates sufficiently altered to preserve anonymity.

Doris Ann Adams and her pal Bibi come to France with the idea that there is a war, sometime in February, 1919. In the end, Doris Ann returns home a thoroughly disillusioned girl. Only one illusion she retains. That is, that she has been doing war work. The war was over long before she got to France. What she saw was the Battle of Paris and that was a conflict in which her sex was victorious but in which she was not prepared to go to the front. Her whole attitude was "What is there in this for me?" and it is not on record, in this, her intimate diary, that she gave anything to anybody. And perhaps that was why the Army preferred "those places" to the "Y huts" and why Doris Ann threw away the only chance she had for a real lover and husband in return for a sterile intrigue with a married man old enough to be her father.

The book is important as a human document and you might as well laugh at it. We were all more or less that way, ten years ago, outside the three-mile limit, but few of us have the courage to admit it to-day. Among these is the author of "Those War Women" who here shows what a selfish, cold-blooded little fool she was at a time when the world was clamoring for generosity.

MISS WELBY AT STEEN. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. Dodd, Mead. 1930. $2.50.

In employing the diary form for a novel it is particularly difficult to retain the interest, for it is apt to become filled with unrelated detail, devitalized and heavy. However, in "Miss Welby at Steen" Mr. Archibald Marshall gives so vivid a picture of the old English aristocratic life in the country that, despite its distintegration, there is much to compensate.

It is the diary of Ellen Welby, who, cherishing an idea that she is like Charlotte Brontë, refuses to continue life as a mere suburban "school-marm," and in order to obtain material and time to become a writer, takes a post as a governess with an old aristocratic family in the country. Here, all her romantic ideas engendered by reading are fulfilled. The surroundings are perfect, she is accepted as one of the family, her employers are delightful, the young son proposes marriage to her, righteously she refuses, the servants gossip. But so concerned does she become with the lives of these people, that there is little leisure, and the only writing she accomplishes are the incidents of the family life which she records in this diary.

The main interest of the book lies in description of life in this country house, and the comparison between her old, drab suburban life with this amazing grandeur.

SON OF JOHN WINTERINGHAM. By WARRENE PIPER. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $2.50.

The shadow of Henry James lies heavily upon this light, pleasant, and not particularly profound character study. James's later mannerisms—his involved style, his acute, often beautiful, images used to portray an act instead of bald description of it, his love of complexities in his character's relations to each other—all these are duplicated here. But James's attitude is not. In spite of certain playful references to what really happened, parental authority, or such like, the story gets bogged at times in sentimentality. The author cleverly pokes fun at the eternal property-and-income factor which enters family relations, as it were, by the back door, while love and duty stand at the front—but occasionally in some of the denser pages of Filial Affection, Proper Gratitude, and Heroic Sacrifices (caps ours, here), we feel the need of James's more thorough-going satire.

On the whole, it is a difficult book to read because of its complexities, and because its material—the character of a rather heroic young invalid in relation to a houseful of children—is, in a large part of the book, not developed in a manner interesting enough to seem worth the effort to unravel all the stylistic difficulties. The story itself is static—once settled in England, Darcy finds his counterpart in Corneille's characters, and one day recovers from his illness. Those are the events— the rest are merely incidents more or less revealing of character.

And yet, for its middle part alone, the book is worth attention. Here Darcy the wise, the independent, the cleverly irreverent (but correct) gentleman of the sick chamber becomes a character of depth and proportions, and the story of his struggles to adjust himself to a vicarious existence in the lives of his brothers and cousins is profound and moving. He is an anachronism —a throw-back if you will—but interesting in these days, if but for his studied reserve, his impassioned but coolly directed intelligence. Our sympathies may be broad, but his technique of living is better. Miss Piper has indeed an eye for character, and we must await further acquaintance with her work before deciding to just what extent it may be valuable.

THE WISDOM OF LOVE. By JACOB SCHAFFNER. Coward-McCann. 1930.

This book has the structure for a story of some psychological interest rather muddily obscured by laborious prose. The latter fault is conceivably, even possibly, due to an uninspired translation. At any rate, the Felgentreu family, wife, husband, and niece, all appear so amiable and ordinary that the emotional conflict which occurs appears somewhat unreal. Emil falls in love with the niece, who is engaged, without losing love for his wife. It all seems very casual and inexplicable. The niece accepts his love, runs off, and is later discovered by Emil, who sets her up in an apartment and deserts his wife. Mixed up in all this is the Lippke family, to whose son the niece has been engaged. They break up on hearing of this event, and in some peculiar manner the blame is laid on the Felgentreus. Their destruction appears more a morbid growth of the author's mind than a natural sequence of events. The story ends with Emil shooting himself when the niece dies in child-birth. The characters are drawn with understanding in this novel and are its most valuable asset.

MADDER MUSIC. By MILDRED CRAM. Little, Brown. 1930. $2.50.

This novel is a little aloof to the heart, rather unreal to the intellect, but in spite of all this is not a bad novel and certainly not an unreadable one. The Batemans are an entertaining family, and when Elena comes back from a tour with a stray baby, Nancy, whom she has adopted, their characters are made clear by the fact that they refuse to see the child as other than Elena's illegitimate offspring. That is, they are Bohemian and artistic and not very moral in a conventional sense. In the child's development, environment does not determine character. She is not affected by the Batemans's impulsive life. Ordinary she is, and against this lack of color Elena rages somewhat and then accepts it. Other Batemans come and go in the story, livening up its pages.

Nancy grown up, Elena acquires fame, and in the end Nancy goes off with the honest-to-God husband Elena had finally acquired.

The merits of "Madder Music" are all on the surface. The story is entertaining, the writing is lively and does justice to the story. The characters and their actions are without depth and outside credibility. But profundity is not always wanted, and for an evening's storytelling, gay and bright-colored, Miss Cram is to be thanked and "Madder Music" to be read.

PAY DAY. By NATHAN ASCH. Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.50.

This book is the detailed account of a poor clerk's Saturday night, from the subway rush in the late afternoon to the sick return home in the early morning. Between lie his shabby distractions, a movie, speakeasies, cheap girls, a fight, nausea,—and so on. It is very detailed, very life-like, very sordid. The outstanding impression left by the book is that of sheer physical disgust; that is the easiest of all emotions to arouse (if it can be called an emotion), and one is inclined to feel that Mr. Asch has allowed himself to play upon it disproportionately often. The style is rapid and slipshod; it is no doubt intentionally so, to give an idea of the current of the clerk's thoughts, but it nevertheless becomes painful in time.

Of course no one denies an author's right to nauseate his readers (as by the blinding of Gloucester), or to write in any manner he chooses if he justifies himself by his effect. But it is impossible to discover in "Pay Day" any effect except that of an ugly photograph. "Pay Day" is not the tragedy of Jim, the clerk; for he is unsparingly presented as gross, cowardly, shallow, and stupid; he is perhaps pitiful, but no more tragic than a well-fed pig. The fact that the evening chosen was that of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti suggests that Mr. Asch might possibly intend

(*Continued on next page*)

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DESIRES & DEVICES

by HELEN SIMPSON

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

an arraignment of industrial civilization; but a Jim would have lived quite as meanly in any city since Babylon. Jim is indeed just the type that makes Utopia so hard to visualize. No, one cannot find that "Pay Day" has anything to say except: "In this world, a man without money, mind, or character lives a squalid life." 'Tis true; 'tis pity; but farewell to it, for Mr. Asch will use no art.

THE EARTH-TUBE. By GAWAIN EDWARDS. Appleton. 1929. $2.

Mr. Edwards's earth-tube is certainly an extraordinary conception. Five hundred feet in diameter, it was dug straight through the center of the earth, one entrance being on an artificial island near Japan and the other on a similar island near Montevideo. Through this passage an "earth-car" transported tanks, supplies, and men from Asia to South America; and Oriental hordes were beginning an apparently irresistible attack against the whole Western Hemisphere. Their chief strength in both defence and offence was a metal that resisted all known destructive forces; of this substance were built the gargantuan tanks, the two island bases, and the earth-tube itself. The Western Hemisphere fell helpless before the advancing enemy until a method of coping with the seemingly impregnable metal was finally devised.

All this is good adventure so long as we read fast and do not stop to debate the probability of each development. The incredible and the plausible are very nearly of equal weight, allowing us to scoff or believe as our mood dictates. In general, the novel vies with the tales of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells in daring imaginativeness. Certain passages are boldly dramatic, but even without their support "The Earth-Tube" would deserve commendation as an exciting scientific extravaganza.

SONG-BIRD. By SOPHIA CLEUGH. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $2.50.

This novel might easily have been written in the nineteenth century and gained much applause; but today more is needed than mere "poetic justice"; more than a carefully arranged plot, in which, despite its improbability, the villain is successful in all his nefarious plans, and the heroine, after much suffering, attains miraculous happiness.

With a highly-colored, exaggerated style, and an over-fondness for inversion of the verb, "Song-Bird" tells of a Spanish circus girl, who, by chance, meets Esteban, a Duke, and, married to him gypsy-fashion, bears him a son. His mother, of course, ruins this love-relationship, and induces him to marry an heiress. Meanwhile Niña develops into a noted opera-singer, and marries her accompanist; her son is given a splendid education, and accidentally, falls in love with Esteban's niece. By this time, conveniently, Niña's husband and Esteban's wife, have died, and once more, by chance, Niña, Esteban, their son and his beloved Rosita, and the villainous mother-in-law, meet at the same time, and after a tremendous melodramatic scene, evil receives its due punishment, and virtue is rightously rewarded.

PEACE. By ARNE GARBORG. W. W. Norton. 1929. $2.50.

Norwegian literature seems to most of us excessively gloomy and peculiar in tone, if occasionally sufficiently grandiose in scale and effect. Untrue as this conception may be in reality, the most important authors, both contemporary and of the last century, who have written in Norwegian seem to find little joy in life, and seldom exhibit a light touch in dealing with the serious problems of existence in a land which is not without divertissements according to such expert foreigners as M. Maurice Bedel. This tone of excessive sombreness is characteristic of Arne Garborg's novel "Peace," which the W. W. Norton Company has had published in an excellent translation by Phillips Dean Carleton.

Lacking expert testimony, it is difficult to judge just what influence this classic may still have in its native land, but it seems certain that in its time "Peace" ranked as one of the most important books in the language. The narrative is said to be the story of Garborg's own father, a religious fanatic of the first water who eventually went insane. Enok Hove is not a pleasant person, but he is studied at full length and with considerable ability by a writer of parts, thorough and painstaking, if not particularly inspiring. The impression of the book as a whole is apt to be lasting, since the case of a good man driving himself and his family to sheer insanity because of an over-acute consciousness of sin is sufficiently universal, particularly under pioneer conditions, to interest any reader. While Garborg's work seems valuable to us largely because of his influence on other writers of peasant novels in Norwegian, a translation of his best known book is also welcome for itself, as a well built narrative typical of its period and place of birth.

THE VOYAGE HOME. By STORM JAMESON. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

Miss Jameson continues in this book the story of the fortunes of a family of Victorian ship-builders which she began in "The Lovely Ship." "The Voyage Home," taken by itself, suffers the common and almost inescapable misfortune of the middle part of trilogies, that of wanting beginning and end. In the opening chapters there is a confusion of characters, related to one another in the complicated way of a trilogy family; and all the first part of the book needs its predecessor to explain the references to the traits of different ancestral strains, and to the influence of the dead but dominating Mark Henry.

But as one reads on the central figure emerges clear and distinct: Mary Hervey, head of her family, head of her shipyards, head of her shipping lines. She is the subject of the book; the views that it gives of one of the great commercial periods, of the transition from sail to steam, of the smug prosperity and resentful poverty of the 'eighties, are present only as her background. Or rather, they are more than her background; they are circumstances, her mould. Mary Hervey seems to control her circumstances, but like every one else she is controlled by them, if not in one way, then in another. She is hardened and isolated. "The Lovely Ship" (one who has not read it may gather) is the story of a strong-minded girl winning her way to a position of dominance in spite of the Victorian world; "The Voyage Home" is the story of a woman in such a position. Her society encourages autocracy in the father of a family or the head of a company, but expects submission from a woman; when Mary behaves as becomes her position rather than her sex, she arouses resentment. She is hated at her works, and not loved at home; her family deserts her, and the struggle against directors and workmen loses its savor. What is she to do with her determination and intelligence and spirit? The book gives only the beginning of a solution.

It will be seen that "The Voyage Home" is a second act, a transition between a first act of conquest and a last act of reconciliation; it cannot be called self-contained. But it makes one anxious to read "The Lovely Ship," which precedes it, and the book which is to follow it; it gives one the confident hope that the complete work will present a unique and valuable picture of a most masculine society from a woman's point of view.

THE REDEMPTION OF MORLEY WARVILLE. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. Dodd, Mead. 1930. $2.50.

In "The Redemption of Morley Darville" Mr. McKenna treats with a lightly ironic touch the same theme he treated with an almost tragic seriousness in "Sonia," the theme of the rebellious spirit. Every one who has read "Sonia" must remember David O'Rane, the Irish-American who took his own way through an English public school, and every one at the end must have felt that he was one of the figures who are to be envied, in success or in apparent failure. Morley Darville is something of a rebel, too, but of a different sort; he is to O'Rane as Tartarin is to Don Quixote. Darville is a young intellectual, full of scorn for the idle, unthinking upper classes, full of condemnation for authors who aim at the popular taste, admitting no compromise—until he has the opportunity. As soon as he has the chance to become a drawing-room lion and a best seller, he takes it. That is his redemption.

It does not come all at once, of course. He must have time to convince himself that he is quite consistent in reality, and that he is much nobler after all for any slight changes he may appear to have made. The author extracts great amusement from Darville's complicated justifications, and a more sophisticated amusement from the puzzles he sets the reader. Is Darville, after all, the better or the worse for the bosom friendship of the Mammon of Unrighteousness? He has gained in urbanity of style, and very likely in human sympathy; he may have lost honesty—but how much honesty did he have to lose? The questions go deeper than at first appears; and the

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reader who has begun by sharing Mr. McKenna's laughter at the perplexities of his hero, may suspect before the end that Mr. McKenna is laughing at his.

Darville, however, remains a slight figure, and the book is nearer to the farce of "An Affair of Honor" than to Mr. McKenna's more serious work; but for what it is, it is very good. It is written with great cleverness, and with a subtle irony not often found in light comedy.

ANSWER BEFORE DARK. By ELIZABETH MOORHEAD. Bobbs-Merrill. 1930. $2.

That each individual makes the scourges that torment him is the thesis of this novel. Since it is only a person with a hard, defiant spirit who dares to flout the inexorable taskmaster, Convention, there are few who can successfully attempt it and escape his chastenings. As this is such a frequently chosen theme it must be handled with more than usual skill. Unfortunately, there are all too few writers with the necessary qualifications to do so.

When Mary Ann Braeburn determines to study her art in Paris she encounters unexpected and inexplicable opposition in her mother. A painting of hers is selected for the local Exhibition, and she meets Paul Venière, one of the judges, and is strengthened by him in her decision to go abroad. That Paul Venière was a figure in her mother's indiscreet past she does not know. The dénouement is swift and fateful, and should not be spoiled by disclosure here.

The substance of the theme is slight; the story could be compressed into two-thirds its length, and there is an unfortunate tendency towards banality, but it should, on the whole, interest the average reader. If Miss Moorhead would carefully prune her work, trimming its content with the care she does her not infrequently graceful and rounded writing, she could undoubtedly establish herself securely.

International

GERMANY'S DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN POLICIES. By *Otto Hortzach*. Yale University Press. $1.50.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE ON CANADIAN GOVERNMENT. By *William Bennett Munro*. Macmillan.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION IN THE RIO DE LA PLATA. By *John F. Cady*. University of Pennsylvania Press. $4.

MAKING A NEW CHINA. By *No Yong Park*. Stratford. $2.50.

WHAT IS EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION? By *Wilhelm Haas*. Oxford University Press. $1.

THE MANDATES SYSTEM IN RELATION TO AFRICA AND THE PACIFIC ISLANDS. London: P. S. King.

THE COMMONWEALTH. By *Charles Henry Brent*. Appleton. $2.

SELF-DETERMINATION FOR AUSTRIA. By *F. F. G. Kleinwaechter*. London: Allen & Unwin.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week.*)

THINGS ANY BOY CAN MAKE. By JOSEPH LEEMING. Century. 1929. $2.

A reviewer's enthusiasm may often be attributed to a wistfulness aroused by the contents of the book he is reviewing. This at least was our experience in reviewing the book at hand. The only unusual thing we did which added to our enthusiasm for this delightful little book was to make with our own hands all the ingenious articles the author has invented for boys to make.

Mr. Leeming modestly intends this book for young children, but we think it also an excellent therapeutic device for those busy men who never have time to play.

If making "A Paper Fish That Swims" or "A Moving Picture Theater" or a "Sand Motor" is too humiliating a method of spending an occasional leisurely hour then he had better procure the book for his less sophisticated young son.

The objects illustrated and described in this book do not require any considerable amount of skill and the materials needed are easy to obtain.

It is in the course of any healthy boy's normal development to learn by doing: a method which he can follow with no difficulty in this book and from which he will derive plenty of good fun.

KIDNAPPED BY AIR. By DILLON WALLACE. Revell. 1929. $2.

Compared with other books of adventure this latest tale of Mr. Wallace's is distinctly second class though it has several passages of interest. Fred Barnaby, a colorless boy of wealth, is kidnapped by a college man who enjoys more humor than character, and is isolated by airplane in Labrador. He is exposed to an irritable gunman, but protected by an Indian of the flawless sort. The plane crashes and the college man dies pulsating with Sunday School platitudes. Fred's talents now appear. He becomes a woodsman overnight and lives alone in the bush for weeks, killing wolves from the tent flap, while his Indian hunts up the canoe which is to save them. The finish can be foreseen. There is much good nature observation and some Labrador in the book, and the moot theme is skilfully used.

ROBIN AND JEAN IN ENGLAND. By LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS. Illustrated by SUE RUNYON. American Book Company. 1928.

Here is a real find in the way of a travel book, or a geographical and historical reader for children from eight to eleven. Written from the young child's point of view, it brings out historical settings and historical stories in a delightfully fresh and natural way. We think one could guess without being told, as we are told in the preface, that Lawrence S. Williams took the trip to England with his own children and that they had a delightful time.

The drawings, too, by Sue Runyon, and the photographs with which the little volume is abundantly illustrated will add much to the young child's enjoyment as well as to his better understanding of things English.

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES. Selected by A. S. MOTT. Houghton Mifflin. 1929.

The soul of Hakluyt, who was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1616, marches on between these covers, modernized as to spelling, and "selected," but still discernably immortal. Perhaps the boy who reads these pages on the North-east Passage, the North-west Passage, on Fox outwitting the Turks, and Drake the Spaniards, may simply have to run off to sea and be a bootlegger. But better risk that than not have him know "this prose epic of the modern English nation."

THIS HAPPENED TO ME. By HELEN FERRIS. Dutton. 1929. $2.50.

This is a collection of letters from girls who have suffered from the various complexes of adolescence and have managed to free themselves. We have the story of the girl who wanted to be popular, the shy girl, the girl who talked too much, the highbrow, the super-sensitive girl, the girl who wanted to usurp the center of the stage, the girl with the uncontrolled temper, each told in her own words and describing how she overcame her difficulties.

The book must have had its inception in a sympathetic interest in young girls and a desire to help those who are not fully adjusted socially. The problems are representative and their solutions psychologically correct. They are told in a lively, colloquial manner which makes them interesting as stories although they are too similar in style to be convincingly from the pen of different individuals. This is the one flaw in the book. Its power to help would seem to be dependent upon its semblance of reality. However, it should be suggestive to scores of puzzled mothers and invaluable to its young readers if they glean from it that they need not accept their handicaps and that the effort to overcome them must come from themselves.

WHEN SALLY SEWS. By HELEN PERRY CURTIS. Illustrated by BLANCH GREER, HELEN MONCURE, and JACK ROSÉ. Macmillan. 1929. $2.

If, in these days of untamed youth, there are any girls sufficiently domesticated to enjoy sewing—and the persons responsible for this book think there are—they will find plenty of entertainment and encouragement here. "When Sally Sews" was written to show this kind of girl how to make things she can enjoy—especially clothes. She can make simple dresses, underwear, and even a party frock. If she is so inclined, she can decorate her room, and she can make Christmas presents for the entire family.

To the girl who enjoys sewing this book would be a treasure. There are patterns galore, and each step in the work is simply told and easy to follow. In all there are fifty possible things for Sally to make. By the time she has made the greater part of them she will realize, not only the joy of having created something lovely, but she will have gained also the experience and confidence that comes with experimenting.

Miscellaneous

THE ASSIGNATS. By *S. E. Harris*. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

THE GREAT INVESTMENT. By *Thomas H. Briggs*. Harvard University Press.

(*Continued on next page.*)

George Eastman

by Carl W. Ackerman

He has been "a literally stupendous factor in the education of the modern world," says Nicholas Murray Butler of George Eastman. Here is the life story of the inventor of the Kodak, who started life as a poor boy. Illustrated, $5.00.

★

Daughters Of Eve

by Gamaliel Bradford

Fascinating portraits of Ninon de Lenclos, Madame de Maintenon, Catherine the Great, Sarah Bernhardt, George Sand, and others. "The weird tensions in the life of George Sand; the madness in the life of Divine Sarah—they are all here, and without the lamentable hysteria of present-day biography."— Illustrated, $3.50

★

Son of John Winteringham

by Warrene Piper

"This is an amazing first novel. To write a story at once intensely dynamic and subtly psychological is no mean feat. We find it difficult not to praise her work too much."—Philadelphia Public Ledger. $2.50

★

Laughing Boy

by Oliver La Farge

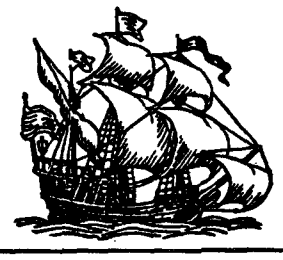
"The character of Laughing Boy' is quite unparalleled in the long literature of the American Prairie. It is upon such original work as this that the untrodden fields of fiction are revealed."—London Times. $2.50

★

Malta of the Knights

by Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn

A reconstruction of the daily life of that fierce band of celibate youths whose frail gilded and scarlet galleys spread terror through the Levant. Illustrated, $7.50



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"Mr. Evelyn Waugh shows signs of becoming the Aldous Huxley of the younger generation."—*London Daily Express*.

"It is one of the most diverting satires yet written on those members of the younger generation who have lost all standards and are as uneasy as a cow who has lost her cud."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE PRE-SCHOOL CHILD AND HIS POSTURE. By *Frank Howard Richardson, M.D.*, and *Winifred Johnson Hearn*. Putnams. $2.50.

THE ROSE MANUAL. By *J. H. Nicolas*. Doubleday, Doran. $3 net.

FLYING GYPSIES. By *Violette di Sibour*. Putnam. $2.50.

REDUCE WHERE YOU NEED TO. By *Marjorie Dork*. Liveright. $1.

A DIARY FOR THE THANKFUL-HEARTED. By *Mary Hodgkin*. Dutton. $2.

FLOWERS FOR EVERY OCCASION. By *Edna Sibley Tipton*. Stokes. $3.

AMONG THE FRANCISCAN TERTIARIES. By *Nesta de Robeck*. Dutton. $3.75.

THE COMPLETE JOURNAL OF TOWNSEND HARRIS. Edited by *Marie Emilio Cosenza*. Doubleday, Doran. $5 net.

RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION. By *Julius Grodinsky*. Appleton. $3.50.

YORKSHIRE: A Descriptive Catalogue. Compiled and annotated by *T. Walter Hall*. Sheffield, Eng.: Northend.

THE INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF BIRMINGHAM AND THE BLOCK COUNTRY. By *G. C. Allen*. London: Allen & Unwin.

WHO'S OBSCENE? By *Mary Ware Dennett*. Vanguard. $2.50.

CHEIRO'S YEAR BOOK FOR 1930. By *"Cheiro"* in collaboration with R. H. T. Naylor. London Publishing Co. $2.

THE BAHÁ'Í PEACE PROGRAM. From the writings of *Abdu'l-Bahá*. New York: Bahá'í Publishing Committee.

Pamphlets

THE MAN DEBS AND HIS LIFE WORK. By *Floy Ruth Painter*. University of Indiana.

THE DISCOVERY OF CANADA. By *Lawrence J. Burpee*. Graphic Publishers.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP HERE AND ABROAD. By *Harry Laidler*. League for Industrial Democracy.

THE REALISTIC WAR NOVEL. By *Sophus Keith Winter*. University of Washington Chapbook.

Philosophy

VOCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY AND CHARACTER ANALYSIS. By H. H. HOLLINGWORTH. Appleton. 1929.

Professor Hollingworth has done well to revise his "Vocational Psychology" (1916) and his "Judging Human Character" (1922) and fuse them in one practical guide in an interesting field of applied psychology. There is a goodly stream of studies in recent years in the interest of fitting men to jobs and jobs to men; the problem has been clarified equally in terms of principles and of technique. It all began ages ago in a sort of vocational magic when charms and rituals were expected to bring success; that systematized, led to reading what you were good for, alike in the stars or your features, and in due course your cranial bumps. Much of this way of thinking, including success by wish and faith or cash-registered inspiration, is so far from obsolete that its survival and revival is still a popular obstacle to the dissemination of sound principles of measuring people for jobs and of legitimate character analysis.

That, then, is Professor Hollingworth's job, and he measures up well on it. He takes the student or the reader in hand and guides him as paternally as he may need such exposition. Since applications and photographs and recommendations and interviews are still the home-made tape-measures by which the few are chosen from among the many called by their own bugles, the value of these aids to judgment is duly set forth. More objective are tests and analyses; for these require the psychologist to get down to the "brass tacks" of his units of competence. Then comes the study of interests and school rankings and the supports of temperament; and since all this applies to job this or job that, the factors involved in the employment are reduced to a laboratory counterpart and the scores registered. It is specialized aptitudes that count and call for specialized measures, including the aptitudes of women, a topic treated inadequately and misleadingly in an otherwise sound appraisal.

The book would gain in the carrying power of its message by a larger emphasis on the topography and a relationing of the findings. But it may well be that at present this much traveled territory is coverable by the time-table type of programme before it yields to a descriptive account of the journey. Here in objective manner is set forth what we know of the factors going into the job personality and a scientific test of the validity of judgments, all in the interests of finding out in good season what we are fit for and setting the goal accordingly. It's no longer the simple problem of square pegs and round holes; for the enrichment of the psychologist's geometry discovers all sorts and conditions of figures, that must be considered in measuring men for jobs and jobs for men. The magical and haphazard days are over, and the scientific era has been inaugurated. Yet the human equation remains, and judgment and qualities evading measurement still enter as undetermined qualities in the formulæ of success and failure.

TRUTHS TO LIVE BY. By *J. Elliot Ross*. Holt. $1.

THE DANCE OF LIFE. By *Havelock Ellis*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

THE TRAUMA OF BIRTH. By *Otto Rank*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HAPPINESS. By *Albert Stump*. Fowler, Ind.: Benton. $1.

PSYCHOLOGY. By *Robert S. Woodworth*. Holt. $3.

BRAIN MECHANISMS AND INTELLIGENCE. By *K. S. Lashley*. University of Chicago Press. $3.

Poetry

FIFTY POEMS. By LORD DUNSANY. Putnams. 1930. $1.50.

The title of the second poem in this volume "The Hunter Dreams in his Club" might well have been chosen as the title of this book, which is, we believe, the first collection of Lord Dunsany's verses to be published in America. The whole tone of the volume is that of a man who has been to places and has done things; who rests and muses, his mind by no means dull, but the sharp edge of his emotions no longer impelling, or at least, apparent. It is impossible to read any casual page without realizing that here is an easy user of words and a not intolerant observer of that phenomenon commonly called "the world as it is." Here is little of that Dunsany whose plays seldom escaped some touch of other-worldly horror. His nostalgia is of a mild order as he longs (very comfortably one must believe) for fairies and elves and the voice on the wind . . . and turns from his gentle occupation and comments with a neat irony on what he has read in the paper or what he has seen during his walk in Kensington Gardens. Humbert Wolfe might have chosen as themes the subject-matter of "The Worm and the Star" and "The Statue," but he would have treated them in terser, more aromatic phrases.

THE STATUE

I saw a wild bird bolder
Than it is wise to be
Light down upon a shoulder,
And all at ease was he.

It was a shape of terror;
Aye, nothing less than Man's.
Yet the bird made no error,
For all the sculptor's plans.

But rested there, the rover,
Safe and with that shape alone,
Unharmed, unfrightened, over
The gentle heart of stone.

Sometimes Lord Dunsany's humor assumes a tasteless banality, notably in "In the Sahara" with its refrain of

When the wind is in the Desert and the sand is in the soup.

In a book of homespun doggerel such figures might be at home, but they are as obviously out of place here as garden overalls in the club armchair.

In spite of its unmistakable relation to De la Mare's "The Listeners," "The Watchers" is one of the loveliest pieces in the book. In quite another mood but equally enjoyable is "A Call to the Wild" with its half bizarre, half critical connotations. Dog-lovers will relish the tender and unsentimental whimsy of "A Heterodoxy" and scientists feel vindicated by the suggestion in "The Lost Trick." This reviewer feels a curious pleasure in

SNOW ON THE EAST WIND

A black horse came to visit us,
His hooves on the hills drumming
All the way from the Caucasus,
And was three days coming.

On his back was a lady light,
And cruelly did she ride him.
He dropped dead at our doors by night
As she softly stepped from astride him.

This is an apt and unusual way of describing the dying down of the wind with the coming of snow. With almost Imagist economy, maintaining one figure throughout, he records a natural fact in a manner that arrests the mind and remains imprinted on it. "Fifty Poems" will substract no laurels from and will add no leaf to whatever wreath Lord Dunsany wears.

PARENTS PREFER BABIES. By *Esther L. Schwartz*. Dutton. $2.

THE GYPSY TRAIL. Vol. II. Edited by *Pauline Goldmark* and *Mary Hopkins*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

M. E. S., Washington, D. C., asks for books on the characteristics of the Leopold Auer school of violinists, and where Kreisler studied, also for books on the history and compositions of symphony concerts.

"MY LONG LIFE IN MUSIC," by Leopold Auer (Stokes), an unusually rich record of violin experience, and his "Violin Playing as I Teach It" (Stokes) cover the first requirement. Kreisler studied at the Vienna Conservatory with Hellmesberger and at the Paris Conservatory with Massart; at the first he won the first prize and gold medal, at the second the Prix de Rome. "Masters of the Symphony," by Percy Goetschius (Ditson), is an introductory work by an eminent authority on the theory of music. "Stories of Symphonic Music," by Lawrence Gilman (Harper) and "The Story of Symphony," by E. M. Lee (Scribner), are prepared for the concert-goer by trustworthy writers. Felix Weingartner has written a brief survey of "The Symphony since Beethoven" (Ditson).

K. M., New York, says, "Can you send me the name of as good a story for an idle and melancholy hour as 'The Good Companions?'"

ONE reason why "The Good Companions" holds the affection of the English-reading world is that it manages to sustain a note of unforced cheerfulness for an amazingly long time. A moan may be maintained for several hundred pages, and often has been, but few novels can hold a smile for that length of time without cramping the face. Also Mr. Priestley's novel is so rich in content, its background for each of the comedians so deep, that it brings in more kinds of English life and country than any novel of recent years. But it is not the only one to keep a steady good humor without feeding it on falsehood. Denis Mackail can be depended on for stories of good disposition, from "Greenery Street," which takes place on a street where young couples live till the family needs more room, along a fairly long line of novels of which "The Flower Show" is a good example, to the one I like best, "Another Part of the Wood," all of these being published here by Houghton Mifflin. Mr. Mackail's audience here is not so large as it is in England, but it grows as the most devoted audiences grow, advertised by its loving friends. Now and again a loving friend of Ethel Sidgwick writes to this department to ask why she is not more generally known. The latest to write (it was last week) was *E. B. K., Portland, Me.*, "After reading your column faithfully for some years I have decided that you will share my enthusiasm for Ethel Sidgwick," of whom she knows only that she is an Englishwoman who writes the sort of novels for which one is thankful. She is a niece of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and a cousin of Arthur Christopher, E.F., and Hugh Benson; she was born at Rugby and lives in Oxford. So much I learned from the new edition of "Contemporary British Literature," by Manly and Rickert (Harcourt, Brace). This cites a long list of magazine reviews and studies of her novels, which are also considered in Gerald Gould's "The English Novel of To-day" and Brimley Johnson's "Some Contemporary Novelists—Women." One may begin almost anywhere along the line of her mellow and satisfying volumes, with "Le Gentleman" or "Jamesie," for instance, but the one I like best is the latest, "When I Grow Rich" (Harper), which is fortunately the easiest to get. It takes place just around the corner from where I live in the summer, in Chelsea, and involves a country-dance competition, which may have something to do with my preference, but I do not see how anyone looking for honest pleasure could be disappointed in it. I have endless comfort from the village novels of E. F. Benson, "Miss Mapp" in particular, in whose honor I brought home a rainbow pig from her home-town, Rye, and the twin stars, "Queen Lucia" and "Lucia in London" (Doubleday, Doran). Just naming these makes me remember that I have not read either for six months, an omission that must be rectified.

People so seldom recover from an illness in contemporary fiction that I was overjoyed to find the unusual heroine of Madge Jenison's "Invitation to the Dance" (Doubleday, Doran) coming down with double pneumonia at something over sixty-five, getting gloriously over it, and marrying a millionaire. This is a bracing, exhilarating book; I recommend it to anyone with a hard life who would like to enjoy living. For it is possible without catchwords or formulas really to enjoy being alive and having things happen—within reason, almost anything. The lady who accepts life's invitation in Miss Jenison's wise and dancing book has this secret of unfeigned enjoyment. I was quite lifted out of myself by a novel written by someone whose name I had never heard before I saw it on the cover of "Son of John Wintringham" (Houghton Mifflin). Whoever Warrene Piper may be, she has written something that made me tell an out-of-town audience that I had been reading it all the way to their town on the train, and if it kept up as well to the end as it did for the first two hundred pages, they were all to buy it. I then finished the work on the train coming back and wrote to them to go out and get the book.

This list begins to edge toward Pelham Wodehouse, and unless I put in "Mr. Mulliner Speaking" (Doubleday, Doran), an outraged public will do so for me. I would have said that everyone was grateful to Mr. Wodehouse had I not lately received a depressing letter from a lady who had read, in an article printed elsewhere, my advice to keep on hand a shelf of books guaranteed for a hearty laugh, "regular boneshakers," I called them. She said there was nothing she wanted more than to be able to laugh like that, but how could she in the case of—and then she named some of the very books I prize for this purpose. Would I please tell her something that would make her laugh, something that would not be like—and then came a few more of my favorites. All I can do in such cases is to give them "Penrod and Sam," and if the chapter on Gypsy the cat and the fishbone does not pry them loose from their inhibitions, they must try another doctor. Milder cases usually yield to the charm of Mr. Wodehouse and Mr. Benchley.

Laughter, after all, has a sort of divine irrationality about it. It is a possession, an overcoming of the spirit to which some of us yield gladly and some with every muscle braced and the heels dragging. No one can promise that a book will bring about in any individual this happy paroxysm, this welcome, unexpected seizure. But one may more safely prophesy what books are likely to induce a chuckle, sign of an enjoyment perhaps less strong but not so soon over. Every book above named has possibilities of chuckle.

Of course, the sophisticated will get this result from Richard Oke's high-spirited, highly-spiced fantasia on high society, "Frolic Wind" (Brewer & Warren), or from Evelyn Waugh's "Vile Bodies" (Cape & Smith), one of the minor sensations of the present London season, carrying on his "Decline and Fall," and like that following the eccentricities of the Bright Young People in Chelsea and elsewhere. But the B. Y. P. take themselves with a seriousness that makes it hard to take them altogether gayly, and I have a notion that this is the very last novel about them that I will be able to stand. Let me see just one more coming, even one as brilliant as this, and I will dodge.

Somehow the idea of a melancholy *hour* doesn't fit into "The Good Companions." It would be a fast reader that would use up this book inside a week.

K. W., Keego Harbor, Mich., asks where one may purchase "that good, big terrestrial globe" mentioned in the Guide for January 4.

I PURCHASED mine—it really is a good, big one—at the establishment of C. S. Hammond, 30 Church Street, New York; they have branches in Brooklyn and Boston. I ordered it from the catalogue, however; it is not necessary to choose it yourself out of stock. Mine cost about twenty dollars, but you can get good ones for less, and, of course, for more. I get more fun out of mine even than I had expected; my family and friends jump about so nimbly upon the surface of this planet that I like to follow their tracks. Then, too, there is something curiously suitable about a globe as a piece of furniture, just as there is something inexpressibly restful in a cool, unemotional map as wall decoration, or an old, definite engraving of the detail of the rigging of a ship. Rose Macaulay's heroine in "Crewe Train" is the only book person I ever knew who gave a good reason for her preference in this direction.

A Son of China Tells His Mother's Story

Sheng-Cheng, at thirty, has written his autobiography. Descended from one of the oldest families of China, he has, through his mother's life as well as his own, given the whole drama of China yesterday and today.

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Sheng-Cheng wrote this book in French, to promote better understanding between the West and the East. His success has been so great that Paul Valery in his Preface predicts: "Here a charming book may also be the sign of a new era." As Madame Sugimoto, in *A Daughter of the Samurai*, revealed Japan, Sheng-Cheng has given us an intimate realization of China. $3.00

A SON OF CHINA

BY SHENG-CHENG

Translated by Marvin McCord Lowes

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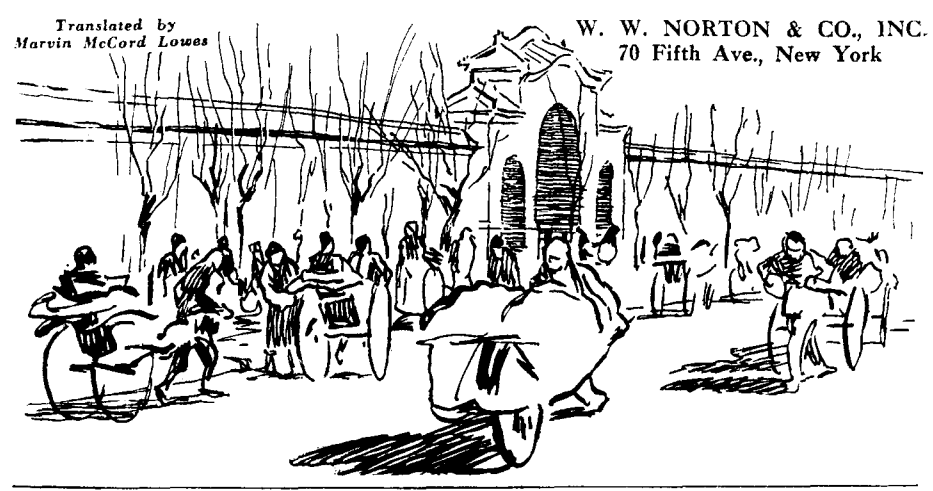

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The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins & Gilbert M. Troxell.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

IT is, apparently, becoming a custom for book-dealers to place at the beginning of their catalogues prefatory notes concerned not necessarily with the contents of the catalogue itself, but with various aspects of collecting. Mr. Charles F. Heartman, for example, has at times expressed himself frankly on the subject of some of his colleagues and the errors of their ways, and has more recently been calling attention to items in his sales that have impressed him as unusually important or interesting. The latest catalogue—number 88—from N. J. Bartlett and Company, of Boston, commences with a page headed, "1930 and the First Edition Collector," which seems a reasonable, intelligent statement of an unending difficulty. "Where do we stand in 1930, we dealers in, and collectors of, the First Editions of American writers?" it asks, then goes on, "For dealers and collectors have witnessed in the last twelve months remarkable increases in prices, and at the same time such wide variations in prices asked for copies of the same book, that the sanest have stopped at the beginning of this year to ask themselves this question. . . . The unparalleled demand for first editions of American writers in the original condition has had three unfortunate results: one, the offering by irresponsible dealers of "sophisticated" and "made-up" copies to the too eager and uncritical collector; two, the rush of certain dealers to establish new bibliographical "points" which have a basis less in the bibliographer's soundness of judgment than in his desire to create a new issue (for his particular benefit); three, the almost total disappearance from the market of the modest collector of lower priced "firsts." In this catalogue, we have, therefore; first, readjusted downward the prices of all books here listed to what we regard as a fair and reasonable value; second, taken cognizance of "points" of issue only as they have been established by reliable bibliographers; third, guaranteed . . . the correctness . . . of each book here listed."

There is something rather extraordinary about such statements, especially when they come from such a source. It has, of course, been known to sensible collectors for years that, in the absence of what Mr. George H. Sargent calls "a Supreme Court of Bibliography," they must in many cases depend upon the honesty and knowledge of certain dealers not only to supply the lacks in their bibliographical information, but to assure them that the books they buy are right in every respect. For any person carried away by emotion, or by visions of future profits, who rushes out and proceeds to become involved in the purchase of made-up or faked first editions, it is difficult to feel the slightest sympathy—he is as great a menace to the intelligent bookman, as he would be—and is, no doubt—provided his interests lie in those directions, to the collector of Steigel glass or Chinese porcelains. And similarly, the inventor of new "points" who reads his books not for pleasure but for typographical errors which he fondly hopes will appear *only* in his copy, and in no other, is to be regarded with equal suspicion and horror. Printers make mistakes, and letters drop out, in spite of the most meticulous proof-reading: a distinguished University press whose books are as nearly perfect as possible, once mistook the author's correction of a footnote in page-proofs for an additional sentence, and serenely printed both the original and the revised versions one after the other. It is not a common custom for authors to insist upon the reprinting of every page that may contain a typographical error of some sort—they may correct misprints, or incorrect statements of fact, in a second edition, or issue, but the first issue of their books is ordinarily allowed to remain as it reaches them. It seems quite unnecessary, therefore, to prattle about misprints as if writers were deliberately trying, by making as many issues as possible of their books, to complicate their bibliographies for the benefit of collectors or permit their enthusiasm for their own possessions to sweep them into the extremes of "point"-hunting. It is high time that some one, even the Bibliographical Society of America, if it can detach itself long enough from its current craze for reference librarian check-lists to attend to other, slightly more important phases of its business, undertake the labor of creating more definitive bibliographies of American authors, and of settling permanently the disputes about dropped letters, wrong paginations, and omitted chapter headings that are incessantly making book-collectors ridiculous. The best and most intelligent dealers have done their part consistently and faithfully, but there is no reason why they should be allowed to go on without help: after all, they are rather at the mercy of the idiotic demands of their customers, and can not afford always to be as independent as they desire.

G. M. T.

The following note from the Elkin Mathews catalogue, number 29, deserves to be quoted in full as it expresses a singularly well-informed and intelligent point of view:

Notes for Collectors

ADVERTISEMENTS

As the presence or absence of advertisements in books is a matter of some concern to collectors, we append a few notes upon the subject. Advertisements may be part of a book, or they may be only a publisher's catalogue, separately printed and often on paper of a different sort, inserted at the beginning or end of the volume. A good, if extreme, example of the former is provided by Scott's "Kenilworth" (1821). The text of the third volume ends on page 348, and is followed by the words "The End" and the imprint at the foot of the page. It would be natural to suppose that nothing more was needed to complete the book, but a perfect copy must contain the two leaves which follow, advertising "Works published by Archibald Constable and Co.," although these two leaves are paginated separately from the rest of the book. The reason they are needed is that they form part of the collation; that is to say, they are printed on the same sheet of paper as the concluding portion of the text. The reader will discover this if he turns to page 337 (at which signature Y begins) and counts the leaves onward. He will then see that the advertisements are Y 7 and Y 8, i.e. the last two leaves of signature Y.

Southey's "Life of Nedson" (1813) is another example. In the second volume the text ends on page 275, and on its reverse side (which is numbered) there appears a list headed "Lately were published the following Works by Robert Southey." This is followed by four pages (numbered 277-280) of books "Lately published by John Murray." These four pages are the last two leaves of signature T, the last of all having the word "Finis" and the imprint at the foot of the page. An interesting feature of this book is that all the advertisement pages are numbered consecutively with the other pages of the book.

Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and many other books published by Moxon are examples of the opposite extreme. Fastened into some copies of these books between the first two end-papers are lists of books published by Moxon, with dates printed at the top. These lists form no part of the book, which is complete and perfect whether they are present or not.

Byron's "Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte" shows both types of advertisement. The text ends on page 14. On the following page, which is not numbered, is a list headed "Lately were published, New Editions in Octavo of the following Poems, By the Right Hon. Lord Byron." This advertisement is a part of the book, for not only does it form part of the single sheet of sixteen pages on which the book is printed, but it also contains the imprint, "London: Printed by W. Bulmer and Co., Cleveland Row, St. James's," at the foot of the page. In some copies this leaf is followed by one or two additional leaves, advertising Murray's publications, and printed on different paper by another printer. The presence or absence of these additional advertisements is quite immaterial, as the book is perfect without them.

Advertisements which do not form part of a book are valued by some collectors as containing evidence of priority of issue. A first edition of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is often found with eight pages of Moxon's advertisements, dated "February, 1850," at the beginning. The assumption is that advertisements bearing a later date would indicate that the copy containing them belonged to a later issue. Too much weight can easily be given to evidence of this nature, as anybody who has seen the process of bookbinding will readily understand. When a book is being prepared to be bound, the sheets of the required number of copies are collected, and with them are distributed a number of the publisher's catalogues for insertion in the bound volumes. Perhaps the number of these catalogues fall short of the number of books to be bound, and the publisher is asked for more. He may be able to furnish them, he may be content to have the volumes bound without any catalogues, he may use old catalogues with an earlier date, or, and this has sometimes happened, he may use catalogues with a later date. Thus it is quite possible to find books published and issued in November or December of any year containing catalogues dated with the following year.

Conclusive proof of the danger of drawing inferences from dates in Moxon's catalogues is provided by two of his publications which we have examined. Two copies of Landor's "The Last Fruit Off an Old Tree," published by him in 1853, have at the beginning "A List of Books recently published by Edward Moxon" dated "December 1, 1846," and Landor's "Imaginary Conversations of Greeks and Romans" published also in 1853, has at the beginning a list dated "February, 1850." Collectors who wish for more information about inset-advertisements, will find it in Mr. Michael Sadleir's "Trollope: a Bibliography," pages XII-XIV.

In modern first editions it is equally rash to decide that the dates of advertisements determine priority of issue. Mr. Geoffrey H. Wells, in his "Bibliography of H. G. Wells," states that a first edition of "Kipps" should have eight numbered pages of publishers' advertisements dated 16/8/05, and that a later issue of the first edition has eight numbered pages of publishers' advertisements dated 10/10/05. We have examined a second edition of the book in which the advertisements have the earlier date.

The conclusion we would draw from these facts is that the evidence furnished by inserted advertisements is always doubtful and often misleading. They form no part of the book, and unless they are dated very much later than the year the book was published, they can be safely ignored by collectors.

Auction Sales Calendar

American Art Association Anderson Galleries. March 31—April 1: Books, manuscripts, colored views, drawings, etc., relating to the pioneer days of the Far West, particularly California. The most important item is apparently the original manuscript town journal and official account book of San Francisco, in the handwriting of its first treasurer, William A. Leidesdorff, for October, 1847 to May 1848. There are also a series of early American almanacs dating from 1718 to 1796, largely published in Boston; a narrative and excursion of the King's troops under the command of General Gage, the 19th of April, 1775, printed by Isaiah Thomas in Worcester, Massachusetts, considered the rarest account of

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the battle of Concord and Lexington; "Proceedings of a Board of General Officers, held by order of His Excellency, General Washington," in regard to the trial of Major John André, the copy belonging presumably to John Hanson, President of Congress; an original manuscript "Journal" of a voyage around the Horn to California in 1849, apparently unpublished, kept by Robert Ferrell, one of the company organized near Troy, New York, to mine gold; the suppressed edition of the narrative of the adventures of Nathaniel Fanning; a broadside relating to Maine, by His Excellency Jonathan Belcher, printed in Boston, 1732; C. C. Spaulding's "Annals of the City of Kansas," Kansas City, 1858, the first bound book printed in that city; Wakefield's "History of the war between the United States and the Sac and Fox Nations of Indians," Jacksonville, Illinois, 1834; Wyeth's "Oregon: or, a short history of a long journey from the Atlantic Ocean to the region of the Pacific," first edition, privately printed, 1833; a map showing California as an island, done in Paris in 1705; a map of Central California, considered to be the first detailed one drawn from actual survey of the mining regions; a map issued in New York in 1846 to promote a transcontinental railroad; and several lithographs of California scenes.

The American Art Association Anderson Galleries announce the following sales scheduled for April: April 2 through April 5—Early Italian furniture, rugs, tapestries, and textiles from the Davanzati Palace; April 6 through April 19—the Havemeyer Collections now given to the Metropolitan Museum, including Persian Art, Paintings, and a small group of antique musical instruments; and Japanese and Chinese Art.

G. M. T.

Recent Dealers' Catalogues

Birrell and Garnett, Ltd. (30, Gerrard Street, London). Catalogue number 27: Domestic Books of all ages. Cookery, Wine and Beer, Dress, Manners, Games and Sports, Music, Dancing, Pictures (books on engraving, technical books on drawing and painting, and biographical and critical works), Furniture, Architecture, Gardens. A thoroughly original and entertaining piece of work, very well done.

Bowes and Bowes (1, Trinity Street, Cambridge). Catalogue number 449; Miscellaneous books on archæology and heraldry, typography, folk lore, and allied subjects.

Dobell (8, Bruton Street, London). Catalogue 92: English Literature. Quiet and dignified, without elaborate bibliographical descriptions.

Grafton and Company (51, Great Russell Street, London). Catalogue number 82: Miscellaneous and Out-of-the-way Books. No subject, apparently, is omitted. The catalogue contains 2057 items.

Frank Hollings Bookshop (7, Great Turnstile, London). Catalogue 164: One Hundred Choice Books, 1550-1928. Notable for the absence of the more familiar titles. This catalogue is excellent in every way.

Hollings Bookshop—Catalogue number 165: Books from private presses, first editions, and other items of varied interest. Good, but not as unusual as its predecessor.

Ingpen and Stonehill (37, Museum Street, London). Catalogue number 15: English Books, 1550-1799.

Maggs (34, Conduit Street, London). Catalogue 536: English Literature and History from the 15th to the 18th century—Part II (M-Z). 1237 items catalogued with the care and excellence that always distinguishes the work of this firm.

Maggs—Catalogue 537: Modern First Editions, Books on history, literature, biography, and French Literature.

Maggs—Catalogue 538: Autograph Letters and Historical Documents. These catalogues, illustrated with exceedingly good facsimiles, are invariably interesting.

D. Webster (Tunbridge Wells). Catalogue 26: Books from several country libraries, including a selection from that of the Right Hon. Viscount Portman. An excellent example of the English provincial dealers' catalogues—unpretending and interesting.

Meyers and Company (102, New Bond Street, London). Catalogue 274: Books, Manuscripts, Autograph Letters, Historical Documents, including Incunabula, early printed books, and colored plate books. This catalogue with its illustrations and its careful notes is of particular interest; it is exceptionally well done, and the books described in it are fairly uncommon.

F. L. Doherty (3751, North Marshfield Avenue, Chicago). Mimeographed List of First Editions of American Authors. A simple, well arranged list.

Selections from the Library of Philo C. Calhoun, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, were sold at the Plaza Art Galleries, New York City, the evenings of March 20th and 21st. The collection was especially rich in works by American writers such as Louisa May Alcott, Bryant, James Fenimore Cooper, Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, Melville, Mrs. Stowe, Thoreau, and Whittier.

Mr. George Parker Winship, Assistant Librarian of the Harvard College Library, has sent the following note in connection with the paragraph describing the Elkin Mathews catalogue of "Byron and Byroniana," published in the issue for February 15th:

"It may interest the 'Compleat Collector' to know that, of the 776 Byron items mentioned in last week's *S. R. L.*, 208 are now at Harvard. This is not quite all of that Catalogue which Harvard did not have already."

G. M. T.

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COLLECTORS OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalogues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school for college.

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DAUBER & PINE Bookshops announce the purchase of the important collection of art books forming, the private library of the late Hans Mischke. The collection contains upwards of fifteen hundred distinct titles comprising books on Printing, Engraving, Etching, Lithography, Wood-Engraving, Illumination, Book-Binding, Books on Book-plates, Miniatures, several hundred beautiful Color Plate Books, as well as Arms and Armour, Colored Costumes, Kelmscot and Other Private Press Books, every conceivable branch of the artists' craft is represented in this unusual collection. These books, all moderately priced, are on exhibition and offered for sale in our Main Store. Catalogues will be issued later which will be sent free on application, but to those desiring to secure the choicest and scarcest items of this unusually fine collection we earnestly suggest an early visit to our shop, which is open until 10 p. m. every weekday. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, 66 Fifth Ave., 12th Street, New York City.

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LIMITED EDITIONS AND Privately Printed books at half price and less. List free. THE ATLANTIC BOOK COMPANY, 6 East 46th St., New York.

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DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE of the Writer's Library, sample copy of The Writer's Monthly and particulars of Dr. Essenwein's famous forty-lesson course in Short-Story Writing free; write today. The Home Correspondence School, Dept. 88, Springfield, Mass.

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YOUR MANUSCRIPTS SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections. Publications planned. Editor literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

STORY IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, talking pictures, magazines. Accepted any form for revision, development, copyright and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY, Literary Coach and Author's Agent. Stillwater, New Jersey.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York City.

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It is almost a year since *The Inner Sanctum* became a Review of Reviews. The praises of the critics are not usually paraded in this department, even when they are irresistibly quotable, for the simple reason that your correspondents naively prefer to spend their money on "the story behind the book," with the true *Inner Sanctum* indiscretions.

But half the fun of being your own boss lies in the fact that you can Make the Rules, the other half in the fact that you can Break Them.

A book like *Bottom Dogs* by EDWARD DAHLBERG is strong enough to upset most taboos, and it is therefore in order to set down a few of the tributes that have arrived, even since the acclaim from WILLIAM BOLITHO, D. H. LAWRENCE, E. M. FÖRSTER, ARNOLD BENNETT and the press of England:

BOTTOM DOGS *is a really astonishing production. It is astonishing because it has all the nonchalance of* O. HENRY, *coupled with a terrible convincingness in squalid detail that I have never seen surpassed.*
—FRANK SWINNERTON.

Never has such a subject been presented with such thoroughness; never has the American language been more graphically or more picturesquely employed; never has realism touched a deeper, surer, firmer rock than this.
RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH.

For sheer cold and objective realism BOTTOM DOGS *is unapproached in our literature.*—NEW YORK AMERICAN.

Even with acclaim of the first magnitude and with the prestige of a distinguished success in England, BOTTOM DOGS is not selling as well as it should, and your uninhibited and tactless correspondents cannot escape the conviction that it is the fault of the American public, rather than that of EDWARD DAHLBERG or

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WHAT the world is coming to with all the application of science and commonsense to living that's going on these days we simply can't imagine. In the good old times if your mind was getting sluggish you merely went around the corner to the nearest restaurant and dined lavishly of fish food, knowing that you were building bigger and better brains as you ate. Or if in sauntering through a huckleberry patch you inadvertently allowed yourself to be attacked by a rattler, you wasted no time in lamentations but rushed to the nearest habitation and drank two quarts of the Scotch that was to be had for the asking. But now, what's the use? First of all, you may get poison instead of good whisky, and even if you don't it's of no avail, for the belief that taking a swig will cure snake-bite seems to be "symbolical magic based on the idea that the whisky will produce the vision of snakes and that the vision will remove the effects of the bite." At least that's what Dr. *Morris Fishbein* says. He says also that eating a lot of mackerel won't turn a moron into an *Einstein*. So that's that, and we've all got to be content to remain blessed with only the small amount of brains with which Providence supplied us in the beginning. At least the mackerel can be grateful. We've culled the foregoing facts (not the sentiments) from Dr. Fishbein's "Shattering Health Superstitions" which Liveright has just published and from which you can get enlightenment as to whether raw beef-steak heals a black eye, or whether cutting the baby's hair will weaken the child, or whether you'll get a wart if you touch a toad. . . .

While we're on the subject of entertaining books we might as well mention "The Stuffed Owl," an anthology of bad verse selected and arranged by *D. B. Wyndham Lewis* and *Charles Lee*, with eight of the most mirth-provoking cartoons we've seen in a long while. They're by *Max Beerbohm*, and we defy anyone to gaze unsmilingly at Max's picturization of *Omar Khayyam* underneath the bough with his inamorata beside him singing in the wilderness, or at *Mr. Tennyson* reading "In Memoriam" to his sovereign, or *Walt Whitman* inciting the bird of freedom to soar. We're going to borrow some of the cartoons some day without asking leave of either Mr. Beerbohm or Coward-McCann and reproduce them in *The Saturday Review*. . . .

Just as A. & C. Boni had issued a complete edition of the works of *Proust*, news came of the death of the brilliant translator of "La Recherche du Temps Perdu." Mr. *Scott-Moncrieff*, who was only forty when he died, was one of those rare persons whose work as translator is so supremely good as to earn the recognition that usually befalls only original writing. The distinction he won in his field made his name widely known, and the excellence of his renditions might almost be said to have been the determining factor in the improved quality of English translation so marked in recent years. In addition to his admirable translation of Proust's novel, a work which presented the difficulties of an extraordinarily complicated style, he was the author of a spirited rendering of the Chanson Roland and of several of *Stendhal's* novels. He was as successful in handling the stripped style of the latter as he had been with the elaborate intricacies of Proust. He was the authorized translator of *Pirandello*, having been an Italian scholar as well as a French. . . .

Talking of Pirandello reminds us that the Italian playwright's new drama, "Come Tu Mi Vuoi," has had its première in Milan. From what we read of it, it seems to us to be in the true Pirandello tradition, a study of personality, logical, compelling, and tragic. . . .

And now comes Miss *Mary Caperton* of Little, Brown and suggests that instead of using notes from *John O'London's Weekly* we might insert something about *Emily Dickinson* whose complete poems her firm publishes. We knew that Little, Brown wouldn't like our citing the English periodical and not mentioning the fact that the reason they brought it to our attention was just to mention *Patrick Hamilton's* "The Midnight Bell." Well, we've done that now, so our conscience is clear. But that's not talking about Emily Dickinson. As a matter of fact now that we've got down to it we're likely to talk rather about critics than about Emily, for Miss Caperton's notes are designed to show the mistakes the former can make. Well, perhaps we won't have to talk at all, for that's a matter which goes without saying. Didn't *Byron* write

Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics? . . .

And that reminds us that we've been recreant to our duty. We haven't so much as mentioned the fact that Appleton has published *Maurois's* "Byron." There's a book you'll have to read if you want to keep up with the parlor conversation of your friends, for everyone else will be reading it, and you'll be out in the cold if you can't say you, too, think it brilliant. No, no, of course, you're not the type of person who passes judgment on books merely on the basis of what the ads say about them. . . .

My, but we are irresponsible. Or is that merely a euphemism for garrulous? At any rate, here we keep on straying away from those comments made some thirty years ago on Emily Dickinson. That was the period when the *Literary World* was saying of her Poems: "We would commend this strange book to pitying and kindly regard," and the Denver *Republican* was stating "There is a curious New England idea that it is a fine thing to have queer thoughts . . . of this New England idea Miss Emily Dickinson is the final flower which never quite fruits in anything worth having." As for Emily herself the reviewers were calling her "orchid-like," a "strange flame-spirit," a "pale moth." What the woman and not the legend was like you should be able to discover in "Emily Dickinson: Friend and Neighbor," by *MacGregor Jenkins*, which Little, Brown is to issue. Mr. Jenkins as a child knew and loved "Miss Emily." . . .

We hear that the transcontinental *de luxe* trains are carrying a mere scattering of passengers. That's not because they are unpatronized, but because their clients are either Hollywood made or to-be-made millionaires. There's a regular hierarchy, we understand, with accommodations adjusted to ranking. A producer travels in a private car, an Author With a Name in a drawing room, a mere secretary in a section. But they all reach Bedlam. We wish we were with them instead of having to get our wildest excitement from watching white clad attendants appear on the roof of the Harvard Club opposite our prison house. Or sometimes it's the barber. . . .

Not everybody leads uneventful lives. There was *Mata Hari*, for instance, the true story of whose life Harpers have just issued. Major *Coulson*, who writes it, says that this most famous spy of the World War reduced the Second Bureau, the nerve center of the French Army, to temporary impotence; corresponded with her espionage chief on paper that bore the heading of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, conducted an intimate intrigue with the head of the War Department, and when finally brought to trial by an outraged family, invoked the aid of princes, ambassadors, and scholars. A mere partial list of her lovers includes the French Minister of War, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the head of a Dutch Cabinet, and French officers, soldiers, and aviators by the score. Quite a charmer, we should say. . . .

But not much more captivating, it would seeem, than *Harriette Wilson* who preceded her by about a century and a half. That fair lady, whose beauty but not her morals seem to have been above reproach, was the beloved of some of the greatest noblemen of the England of her day. Her memoirs, which Minton, Balch have just published complete in one volume, read like the sprightliest of novels. A very *Fanny Burney* might have been guiding her pen, though the author of "Evelina" could scarcely have brought her characters to speak with the daring impudence of this beauty whom neither rank nor riches could temper to respect. . . .

We stand not on the order of our going. Adieu!

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Points of View

The Brontë Museum

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In August, 1928, the Brontë Society had a memorable meeting when through the generosity of Sir James Roberts the old parsonage at Haworth, Yorkshire, England, the home of the celebrated Brontë family, became the property of that Society and was opened as the permanent home of the collection of Brontë relics.

Haworth has long been the Mecca of Brontë admirers, among whom Americans have always figured largely, but now they will find, when visiting this little village on the Yorkshire moors, much more to interest them than ever before. In addition to the village, looking much as it did in the days of the Brontës, there will be the old parsonage, standing in its garden adjoining the parish church, filled with much of the original furniture and a priceless collection of manuscripts, drawings, and other relics of the Brontë family, standing open at all times so that one can go through it and picture that remarkable family living there, and look out on the wild, picturesque moors from which they drew so much of their inspiration. Americans in the years to come will count a visit there among their most interesting experiences in a visit to England.

The Society finds that it is necessary to have an endowment fund to maintain this Parsonage Museum, and as Americans have always taken a deep interest in Haworth, and have indeed been generous in gifts of many kinds, the request was made of Claude Meeker, of Columbus, Ohio, and Augustus E. Ingram, of Washington, D. C., who had each been American Consul at Bradford, England, the nearest American Consulate to Haworth—Mr. Meeker from 1893 to 1897, and Mr. Ingram from 1909 to 1920—to solicit subscriptions to such a fund from Brontë lovers in the United States. Unfortunately Mr. Claude Meeker died at his home in Columbus last December just as plans were being laid to prosecute this appeal, and it is left to Mr. Ingram to finish the work.

It is understood that Sir James Roberts, a merchant of that district in England, who commenced life in humble circumstances in Haworth, has in addition to purchasing and presenting the parsonage to the Society promised to give £1,000 if the Society will raise £4,000, the amount needed for the endowment fund being £5,000. An appeal is therefore made to all Americans likely to be interested in the project to give the matter their kind, sympathetic consideration and support. Contributions will be deeply appreciated by the Society, and it is hoped that the many Brontë lovers in this country will be glad to honor the memory of the rare genius of these gifted Brontë sisters who enriched the literature of the world. Contributions can be sent either to the Honorary Treasurer, Brontë Society, Midland Bank, Bradford, England, or to the undersigned at 1901 Wyoming Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C.

AUGUSTUS E. INGRAM.

Protecting a Title

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

My letter of inquiry, printed in your issue of February eighth, has brought by direct mail several replies suggesting means for protecting the title of a work in progress. As my original letter was made public owing to the interest which its subject might have for other writers, perhaps you will want to present the gist of these replies to your readers.

Mr. Eugene E. Prussing of Los Angeles writes that he was faced by this problem in 1916, when he adopted a title for a book which was not published until ten years later. I quote from Mr. Prussing's letter, by permission:

"In order to copyright the title I wrote an introductory chapter—gave it the desired title—printed it within eight pages—and sent it to the copyright office of the Library of Congress, which duly placed it on record and thus saved the title for me.

"In addition to my own professional opinion"—Mr. Prussing is a lawyer—"I had the advice of one of the ablest copyright lawyers, my friend and colleague, the late Frank F. Read, Esq., of Chicago, as well as the opinion of the Chief of the Copyright Office.

"Our friends the movie writers devised the scheme of registering titles and purposes of proposed scripts or stories, in their established organization (under Will H. Hayes I believe), and they are protected by an agreement on the part of the producers to abstain from buying or using the work of piratical writers."

Mr. Arthur Dewing, of the Encyclopædia Britannica, has consulted several members of the editorial staff before expressing the opinion that a title cannot be copyrighted at all, but "that once a book is issued under a title, use of that title by another author can be prevented by injunction." An assistant editor believes that, by sending a certain number of pages of MS to Washington, with a title, use of that title for other writing can be prevented for a certain length of time.

These letters sum up the suggestions contained in several. Perhaps another authority now can be expected to appear to resolve the disparities remaining between them.

ALEXANDER LAING.

Hanover, N. H.

Phrase-Making

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The letter of Mr. Elmer Davis printed in *The Saturday Review* of March 8th and one or two reviews of "Humanism and America," notably that of Mr. Karl Schriftgiesser in the *Boston Transcript*, have stirred in me thoughts that clamor for utterance. Although these critics appear to unite in admitting that there is something wrong in the current, or recently current, views of life and the literary art in this country, they undertake to discredit the remedy offered by the New Humanists. Naturally, one cannot quarrel with these critics either for agreeing or for disagreeing with the New Humanists, but I think one is justified in feeling aggrieved that they deal with the vital issues involved in the controversy so superficially. There are many of us, I know, who would like to get to the bottom of this matter, at least as far as it is permitted to us mortals to get to the bottom of anything, and we deplore the apparent disposition of some of our eminent critics to put us off with partisanship and the calling of names.

Surely it is unfortunate that these critics should appear to lend their influence toward dividing us into two hostile camps, which, barring their more offensive appellations, they seem inclined to characterize as the academics and the anti-academics. It is true that some of the New Humanists show partisanship, but manifestly our critics cannot prove their own competence by displaying the same weakness. Incidentally, I might say that if the line must be drawn between two factions, it cannot be drawn with sufficient accuracy between the professors and the rest of the public. My own long-continued experience in academic circles has served to show me clearly enough that the majority of my associates are not humanists, and, on the other hand, I can point to numerous humanists that have no academic connection. But that is not the main point. The main point is that such partisanship will not get us anywhere. It is not illuminating for us to be shown that this or that critic, perhaps because some of his own shortcomings of which he is too sensitively aware, have been stepped upon, is disposed to think of himself as belonging to one crowd and to jeer at what he conceives to be the other.

And deliver us from cant and phrase-making. Mr. Davis says that he is "unable to say the numerous shibboleths which Professor Babbitt requires for admission to the congregation of the saved." Doubtless the New Humanists have shibboleths, but what about the cant expressions, "creativeness," "the New World," "the dead past," "the living present," "positiveness," "negativeness," *et cetera*, that these anti-humanists din in our ears without mercy—and sometimes, alas, without thought? As for phrase-making, that, in my opinion, is the most serious stylistic vice of American writers. It is, of course, in harmony with our advertising attitude manifested in so many ways. We must snatch the attention, whether we have a sound product to offer or not. "In the Dance It's Grace—In a Cigarette It's Taste." Or, as Mr. Davis says, by way of climax to his letter, "Well, this is Humanism, to be sure—All-Too-Humanism."

It is this sort of thing that drives us into the arms of the Literary Supplement of the *London Times*. There, at any rate, we have well-reasoned reviews, based upon expert knowledge and clothed in a style that is urbane and pleasing but not catchy. I do not mean to imply that we have none of this kind of reviewing. Thank Heaven, we have a modicum of it, and I believe I can observe a tendency to give us more and more. But the utterances of very few of the critics who have undertaken to show the New Humanists where they belong have been of this type.

Is it too much to hope that our critics will afford us ere long an adequately sober-minded, thoughtful, well-grounded, thorough, and *non-partisan* exposition of the strength and weakness of the New Humanism?

STANLEY R. ASHBY.

University of Michigan.

Edwin De Leon

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am engaged in the preparation of a life of Edwin De Leon, who was in 1853 Consul-General to Egypt, later personal representative of President Jefferson Davis, for the Confederacy, in England and France. I am exceedingly anxious to secure any references, papers, letters, personal reminiscences or data concerning him, his family, his work, or his writings.

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